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the profit from every good book we may read.
If only the message it holds we will heed.
This hopes that some thought in this one be found
That will keep you the depths of time wisdom to know.

Uncle Chin to George.

Jan 1931.





BURIED TREASURE

The man in the parable sold all that he had in order to buy the field containing the treasure. One of the first laws of acquiring any kind of wealth is to give up to get—one must pay the price; and the price varies with the treasure sought.

BURIED TREASURE

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"Astronomy and the Bible"
"Scriptural Foundations of Science"
"My Garden Neighbors"
Et cetera

ILLUSTRATED
BY THE AUTHOR

PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

PORTLAND, OREGON

CRISTOBAL, CANAL ZONE

BROOKFIELD, ILLINOIS (FOREIGN-LANGUAGE PUBLICATIONS ONLY)

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PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

1928



PRINTED
IN U.S.A.

FOREWORD

*"The kingdom of heaven is like
unto a treasure hidden in the
field; which a man found, and
hid; and in his joy he goeth
and selleth all that he hath, and
buyeth that field." Matthew
13:44, A. R. V.*



PIRATES' TREASURE

Thousands would go to the ends of the earth to dig up treasure that was gained at the cost of blood. Infinitely greater treasure lies waiting at hand, unheeded and unsought.

Buried Treasure

BURIED TREASURE.—The very words lure and intrigue us. We care not for the labor necessary in digging up the treasure. We reckon not of the distance we must travel, perhaps, to come to it. We count not the hours spent or the energy and thought expended, if only there be at last enough treasure.

BURIED TREASURE.—Buried, yes, hidden away, but not so deep that we can not dig down to it. Buried, yes, under the surface reposing, yet there are marks set by which we may locate it. There is the chart and there are the instructions, and we need not to charter a ship, muster a crew, and sail the seven seas until we find it.

BURIED TREASURE.—Buried; hidden in unused, wasted moments of time; lurking within reach of the hand; whispering alluringly of its priceless value. Let us now learn where it is, how it is found, what its price, all its worth.

BURIED TREASURE.—Buried; and when found it shall no longer be buried, no longer hidden away to waste and corrode. And then, all uncovered, it shall still be treasure, and will have at last fulfilled its real purpose in making its possessor blessedly rich.

BURIED TREASURE.—Treasure, and the best treasure is not Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight; for there is a wealth infinitely lifted in value above all material possessions whatsoever. Just what your buried treasure is no one but yourself can know. But there is a treasure for you to discover. It lies even now waiting for you.

Some find their waiting wealth in their improved speech, in which the power to choose appropriate words has shown itself to be, as an ancient Book declares, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Others have found that treasure to be a new knowledge of things which they and others need, and the improved mind and larger heart have been only the first of a reward that grows with the growing years.

And there are some—a noble few—who have found their grandest treasure to be a richer life, one so full with the grace and glory of higher things that never more can they feel the restrictions and privations of soul poverty; and with generous abandon they give of their unfailing store to satisfy something of the world's never-ceasing need.

And these, too, are those who first found their treasure where the wise men found it of old, in an unexpected place, in a humble, lowly spot; but for all of that it was and is the greatest treasure ever hidden away to be found, for in that One lies hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge and character and honor and exaltation the universe knows.

And to that treasure they all were guided by a Light that is not of this life, though it becomes a life in them on whom it shines. And they followed that light, as did the magi in the glory days of yore, until it stood over the place where the incomparable treasure lay.

And in the pages here following will be found the story of how many found a treasure. And the finding, as you will see, was not easy, but the search was fascinating, though toilsome.

And so, whatever you search for, do not fail to find that good thing which shall never be taken from those who possess it. For, after all, one must be but the more impoverished and unfortunate, to find only that which he holds but to lose again.

Contents

FOREWORD	5
Buried Treasure	9
WHERE?	11
Riches All About You	13
Gold Where You Find It	22
Finding the Treasure	29
WHEN?	37
Questing for Treasure—When?	39
Great Rewards from Fragments of Time	48
Treasures in Time	55
Time and the Treasure	64
How?	75
The Profit of Wisdom	77
The Benefit of Being on the Alert	84
The Value of the Problem	88
A Treasury of Hints	92
The Reward of Industry	95
The Recompense of Perseverance	101
WHO?	109
The Value of Loss	111
As Precious as Diamonds	117
The Glory of Sacrifice	125
WHAT?	133
A Wealth of Possibilities Here	135
Making an Investment in Influence	142
Taking Hold Upon Eternity	150
In Kings' Palaces	156
WHY NOT?	165
The Price of Neglect	167
The Usefulness of Limitations	174
One Thing Lacking	182

WHERE?

*Just where thou art, along thy path,
Are treasures greater than yet dreamed;
Be not content with what life hath—
Earth's rock with gold is richly seamed.*



KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE JOB

The Bible declares that "the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth." That is quite like a fool. The wise man keeps his eyes where he needs them—on the job he is doing. So here is one difference between the wise and the foolish.

Riches All About You

AN ANCIENT proverb declares: "The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth." One demonstrates himself to be a fool when he tries to see things so far away that they are out of sight. And while the fool thus gazes off into the unseeable, he is overlooking the things that really concern him right here at hand—things that he might see and ought to see.

Just where thou art look out and see,
This world with wealth is richly sown;
But what of this is reaped by thee
Depends upon thyself alone—

Unmeasured wealth of house and lands
And riches for the soul here teem,
Uncounted as the unnumbered sands,
And greater than man's bravest dream.

Choose not the gold that will corrode,
But choose the wealth undimmed by tears;
'Twill lift thy feet along life's road,
And richer grow through ceaseless years.

From day to day one mighty sigh goes up to heaven from the hearts of humanity because of the failure to reach things unattainable, while ready and attainable things of far greater value are despised and neglected.

Russell H. Conwell tells of traveling down the Tigris River, in 1869, after visiting the mounds and ruins of ancient Babylon. With the party was an old Arabian guide, who reeled off an endless chain of stories. When told that Mr. Conwell was planning to visit Golconda, he surprised them by saying that the mines were two hundred miles north of the present town of Golconda, and then related a tradition of the ancient finding of the great diamond fields.

Many hundreds of years ago there lived near the shore of the river Indus an ancient Persian by the name of Al Hafed. He dwelt in a beautiful cottage, from which he could look down the mountain side upon the magnificent river, and even away to the great sea. He had a charming wife and interesting, intelligent children.

He owned an extensive farm, fields of grain, orchards of fruit, gardens of flowers, and miles of forest. He owed no one, and had money at interest. He was a wealthy and contented man; wealthy because he was contented, and contented because he was wealthy.

Then in the course of events there came a priest of Buddha who talked by Al Hafed's fireside, and sought to explain how the world was made, and ended his talk with his idea of how gold, silver, and diamonds were made. He said that diamonds were congealed beams of sunshine, and that one as large as his thumb was worth more than whole mines of copper, silver, or gold; that with one he could buy many farms like this; that with a handful of them he could buy a province, and with a mine of diamonds he could purchase a whole kingdom.

And that night as Al Hafed went to his couch, it was with the feeling that he was a poor man. True, he had lost nothing; but what were all his possessions compared with the fabulous riches the priest had mentioned? Now Al Hafed was poor because he was discontented, and discontented because he thought himself poor.

Early the next morning the Persian farmer awoke the priest, and anxiously inquired where he could find a mine of diamonds.

"What do you want of diamonds?" the astonished priest asked.

"I wish to be rich, and place my children on thrones through the influence of their wealth."

"All you have to do," replied the priest of Buddha, "is to go and search until you find them."

"But where shall I go?"

"Go anywhere—north, south, east, or west—anywhere."

"How shall I know when I have found the place?"

"When you find a river running over white sands between high mountain ranges, in those white sands you will find diamonds."

"But is there any such river?" asked Al Hafed the Persian.

"Oh, yes, plenty of them. Many mines of diamonds are yet undiscovered. All you have to do is to start out and go somewhere—away, away."

"I'll go," said the farmer.

At once he began his preparations to leave. He sold his farm at a forced price, collected his money which had been at interest, left his family in the care of a neighbor, and was off to search for diamonds. He began his real search at the Mountains of the Moon, away beyond Arabia. He came down into Egypt. He wandered around through Palestine. Years went by. At last, his money gone, starving and in rags, he stood on the strand of the great bay on the coast of Spain—no diamonds, no friends, no property, no hope. On that sad day an immense tidal wave swept up the shore. Poor Al Hafed could not resist the awful temptation to throw himself into the on-coming tide. So he sank beneath that foaming crest, never to rise in this life again.

Al Hafed's successor on the old Indian farm was an observant man, and contented. He had no ambition to wander away to look for diamonds. One day he led his camel into the garden to drink. As the animal put its nose into the clear water of the brook, Al Hafed's successor noticed a flash of light from the white sands of the shallow stream. The gleam came from a very black stone. He reached down and picked up the stone. A clear eye of crystal, strangely varying in its brilliant hues, shone in one side of the pebble. The old farmer took it to the house, and left it on a shelf near the earthen hearth, where in cool weather he made a fire. Then he went to his rice fields and forgot all about it.

A few days later the same old priest who had instructed Al Hafed how the world was made and where diamonds were found called to visit the new owner of the farm. The moment he entered the room, he noticed that flash of light from the mantel, or shelf. He rushed to it in great excitement.

"Al Hafed, where is he? Has he returned? Here is a diamond! Where did he find it?"

"No; oh, no, Al Hafed has not returned," said the host; "and that is not a diamond, either. You are mistaken. That is nothing but a stone I found out in my garden. It interested me; I brought it in."

"I tell you," said the priest, "I know a diamond when I see it. I tell you that is a real diamond!"

Together they rushed out into the garden. They stirred up the white sands with their fingers, and, lo, other gems more valuable, more beautiful, than the first, came to the surface. Thus were the ancient diamond mines of Golconda discovered.

Had Al Hafed remained at home, had he dug in his own garden or in his own fields, instead of poverty, starvation, death in a strange land, he would have had *acres of diamonds*. For, every shovelful of that old farm, as acre after acre was sifted over, revealed gems with which to decorate the crowns of moguls and emperors.

Surely acres of diamonds might have been his own had Al Hafed stayed at home and used his ordinary powers of observation. But there are in this world many Al Hafeds, who leave the riches at home untouched and wander empty handed in far-off realms. It may not be diamonds or gold or silver, but that which is of infinitely more wealth,—the true riches that will come to us through the performing of duties that lie at our hand. Surely those are the eyes of a fool that look only to the ends of the earth.

It was clearly the duty and wisdom of Richard I to stay in his own country to cleanse the common sewer of his own realm of bandits, outlaws, and tyrant barons; but, leaving anarchy at home, he was off to the ends of the earth. King after king, for the supposed expiation of his sins, abandoned that place to which it had pleased God to call him, for a purely sentimental journey to the Holy Land.

But others of lower rank did as bad. For while they might have influenced their world for good, they chose to retire into monasteries or hermitages, leaving human wrongs to right them-



DISTANT FIELDS

Richard Heart-of-a-Lion went away to foreign lands to fight the Turk instead of staying at home to put down the robber barons who were oppressing and plundering his subjects. Duty demands, first of all, faithfulness where you are.

selves, caring not what others needed, so that they were not disturbed.

And it is as truly the same mistake, when we can help the world, to bury our time and talents instead, in home and shop and mart and office, to the exclusion of higher things.

And it is also as certain as the sun shines that, in the places of business and labor, men may as truly serve God in ways of righteous precept and example as the minister who stands in the pulpit. It is the loyal heart, the observing eye, the zealous spirit, that determines whether we shall gather this treasure of service so close at hand or fail to rise to the high and glorious privilege.

A farmer of Pennsylvania wanted to get a job elsewhere; so he wrote to his cousin in Canada that he would like to go into the

business of collecting coal oil. The cousin wrote back that he could not engage him, for, so he said, "you do not understand the oil business."

Then the farmer said, "I will understand it," and he set himself with commendable zeal to the study of the whole subject. He studied mineralogy, coal measures, coal oil deposits—studied long and hard. He experimented, and consulted wise men. He learned where the oil originated, what it looked like, what it smelled like, how it was refined, where it was sold.

After all this preparation, he wrote his cousin again, and told him that he knew all about oil. The cousin wrote for him to come on. He sold his farm in Pennsylvania for eight hundred and thirty-three dollars, even money, no cents.

After he had gone from the farm, the man who had purchased it went out to arrange for watering the cattle, and he found that the previous owner had already looked after this. There was a stream running down the hillside back of the barn; and across that stream, from bank to bank, he had put in a plank edgewise at a slight angle for the purpose of throwing over to one side of the brook a dreadful-looking scum through which the cattle would not put their noses, although they would drink on the side below the plank.

Thus the man who had learned all about the oil business and had gone to Canada to find oil, had been damming back for twenty-three years a flood of coal oil which the state geologist, in 1870, said was worth to the state one hundred million dollars. The city of Titusville stands bodily on that farm now; and yet, though he knew all about oil and the whole theory of it, he sold his farm for eight hundred thirty-three dollars, and, once more we say, no sense.

Right under your eyes, just within reach of your hand, are the things that will materially, mentally, or spiritually enrich you if you can find out how to dig them from where they seem to lie buried.

One man found a fortune in his coal bin as he examined a piece of coke, accidentally made. Another found it in his potato cellar while examining the difference in the number of sprouts on different kinds of potatoes. One became a railroad magnate on the profits of the soap he found he could extract from a waste heap of ashes over the garden wall. One acquired a fortune by watching his baby boy manipulate a cradle. Another found paint in the

mineral deposit at the bottom of his well. Another found a mine of emery while sweeping off his cellar wall. One became a millionaire by watching the effect of certain medical appliances on his aged horse.

The shepherds of Brazil organized a party of emigrants to go to California to dig gold, and took along a handful of clear pebbles to play checkers with on the voyage. After arriving in Sacramento, the emigrants discovered, after they had given or thrown away nearly all the pebbles, that they were all diamonds. They hastened home to find that the mines were taken up by others, and sold to the local government.

A man sat in a chair in Boston, and said, "What can I do to help mankind?" The chair he occupied was expensive, but uncomfortable. He complained about it. A friend said, "I should think it would be a good thing to begin by getting up an easier and cheaper chair." His hand was on the arm of the chair. "I'll do it!" he exclaimed, leaping up and examining the chair in close detail.

"Rattan would be better," he said; and, on inquiry, he found plenty of it thrown away by the East India merchant ships, whose cargoes were wrapped in it. He began the manufacture of rattan goods, and now the variety coming from the prosperous factories is a continual astonishment to the world.

When he was sighing for work and for great possessions, his hand was on the chair. Others, thousands like him, put their hand on the thing that will bless and enrich them, and weep because there is, they think, no wealth in sight for them.

Recently it has been learned that diamonds lay with the gold in the placers of California. No one thought to look for diamonds. In 1849 and onward, the miners were looking only for the yellow glint of gold; and there is now no way of knowing how many valuable diamonds were thrown out of the rockers and washing pans of the miners. These diamonds of California, it is thought, were originally derived from the diamond-bearing rock that has been washed down in broken bits in streams from the mountains of volcanic origin.

With our minds on one thing, we overlook another that may be more valuable. A professor of mineralogy in Massachusetts sold his homestead to go prospecting for copper in Wisconsin. The farm he sold had a valuable silver mine. One of the pieces of the silver ore rested in the dooryard wall, and he had rubbed it

smooth and shiny by passing it again and again; yet he sold his farm with the silver mine he overlooked, to hunt copper in far-off Wisconsin.

The richest gold and silver mine in Nevada was owned and claimed by a man who sold out for forty-two dollars to get money to pay his passage to the Dutch-Flat mines.

One of the salt mines of western New York was owned by a grocer who, hearing of a successful salt well in the next county, ignorantly sold out his store and farm to move to the salt region.

We read of Esau, who, thinking only of the savory dish he wanted, bartered away his hopes of all eternity in order to get his pottage. And there are those to-day who are overlooking some great good just beyond their nose that they ought to see and recognize and appropriate. For these lessons we have given from the material world are but samples of all the rest. One man has mechanical ability, and neglects to use it. Another might be a great writer, but he finds it hard, grinding drudgery; has found some failures at the first, so he tries no more. His talent lies buried in a napkin.

We can't get any sort of riches from some place where we are not. It is idiotic to look far away for the things that enrich. If they do lie far away, we would have to go to them; and then they would be right where we are, anyway. But how can we know of things so far away, if we can not recognize those at hand? How can we see so far, when our eyesight is so poor for the things under our view?

And so the question, Where is this buried treasure? can be answered by saying, It is wherever you are. All about us are the things that need to be done, things to be made, new uses for articles of food, new ways to prepare and employ them.

A few weeks ago a man showed me a powder that he expects to sell for several millions of dollars—not the powder itself, but the secret of its manufacture, the machinery by which it is possible to create it. The process is one that takes fruits and makes them wholly assimilable and yet having all the qualities, flavors, and powers of the fresh fruits. The opportunities and possibilities of this one product are tremendous. But it is not the limit. Every day new chemicals, new devices, new machines, all manner of new things, come into being.

If you have no inventive genius, if you have no mechanical bent, but if you have a desire to help your fellows, in this field of

beneficent endeavor lie untold opportunities to enrich your soul and to ennoble others.

Material wealth is not the one important thing. To show how little money has to do in enriching human life, remember that Jesus was all His life poor. Wealth is power, and if employed for good ends it is a blessing; but it may be a degrading curse, when not so used.



"GOLD WHERE YOU FIND IT"

This proverb of the forty-niners points to the great fact that the location of hidden treasure is often puzzling to the seeker. But it must be sought. Seeking, digging—how difficult and arduous! Because of the labor involved, many treasures lie unsought.

Gold Where You Find It

MEN came into the mines of California in 1849 with the idea that they could work out some system to determine just where gold would most likely be found. A number of ideas were tried, but none of them would work. Apparently without law or plan, the gold just seemed to be where it happened to be.

At first it was held that the gold would be found only where the streams had brought it from the mother lode far up somewhere in the Sierras and deposited it lower down. But as men found rich deposits of gold far removed from streams, this reasoning was abandoned, and the search for gold became the more thorough as men discovered that it could be located almost anywhere along the western slopes of the Sierras.

Later years have demonstrated that the gold is found only in the mother lode—the veins in the solid quartz, its first and original creation, or in placers where it has been washed by mountain streams. But geologists have learned that sometime in the past

a great upheaval of earthquake or volcanic nature covered over the old streams and rivers of California, and the mountain waters found new beds and channels on their way to the mighty sea. All placer gold is to be found in either the beds of the newer streams or in the buried beds of the older currents. And so the mystery that puzzled the miners of '49 is a mystery no longer.

One of the very rich mines of California is worked only by running shafts or by drilling down for some hundreds of feet through what is now a mountain; for, down below it, running from east to west, is a bed of an old river, and in its placers the gold lies, a buried treasure of yellow wealth.

Some of the strange findings of this hidden gold are interesting, and serve as a parable and a lesson.

A man by the name of Raspberry had purchased some poor gunpowder. In October, 1856, near Angel's Camp, Calaveras County, California, he went quail hunting. After a few hours of shooting, his bad powder had so fouled his gun that the ramrod stuck fast in one of the barrels he was loading. He tried every way he could to get that rod out of the barrel, without avail. He decided that he would have to shoot the rod out. For fear that he might not be able to follow the flight of the rod when it left the muzzle of the gun, he tied his handkerchief to the ramrod.

He aimed the gun at a patch of soft mud not far away as he fired; but the slender rod, crowned with the cloth, curved to one side, instead of going straight like a bullet, and landed in a manzanita bush fifty feet away from the patch of mud.

Raspberry found it no easy task to get the ramrod out of the bush, so deeply was it imbedded in its roots; in fact, he had to pull the bush out of the ground, to get the rod. All of these unexpected results—poor powder, crooked shooting, and the difficult labor of extricating the rod—had put Raspberry into a vexed state of mind.

But as he caught the glint of something yellow clinging to the roots of the bush, he quickly lost his impatience; for there, with the dirt on the roots, was a piece of quartz loaded with gold. He had chanced upon a remnant of the mother lode. Using the ramrod as a sort of shovel, he dug in the ground, and soon disclosed the quartz vein.

That afternoon, with the rod and his pocket knife, he dug out more than seven hundred dollars in gold. The next day, with proper tools, he took out about ten pounds of gold, worth about

two thousand dollars; and the third day he got thirty-three pounds, worth around seven thousand dollars. Others, hearing of the find, located near by and shared in the good luck of the gold disclosed under such peculiar circumstances.

Of course, if the gold had not been there, all the bad powder and all the queer shooting in the world would not have brought it to view. And because gold was found thus in so many strange places and under such remarkable circumstances, the miners of California of the gold days were accustomed to say, "Gold is where you find it."

But notice the words, "Where you find it." This shows that although gold was plentiful in many places, it took searching to find it. When it was so wonderfully discovered, it was because some one was looking hard to find it. Even in—

"the days of old,
the days of gold,
the days of '49,"

men worked hard to

locate the yellow metal, and then labored even harder to get it out of the ground.

In the spring of 1852, a minister was traveling along a road in Tuolumne County, California, when he came upon the spectacle of a gray-haired prospector at rest on a big stone in the shade of a large oak tree. As the minister did not know the man's name, and because of the man's lamentations, he later dubbed him Jeremiah, and that name is as good for our purpose here as any other.

"Good morning," the preacher saluted the prospector.

"Morning," Jeremiah answered in melancholy tones; "but nothing good 'bout it I can see."

"Why, what's the matter? No luck?"

"Yeah, plenty luck; but all bad."

"Is that possible?"

"Yeah, not only possible, but she's already done happened."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, it's a long story. Two year ago I went up on the American River and located a claim on Volcano Bar. I sunk a hole four, five feet deep. But I didn't git only a ounce a day, so I quit. Then I hiked over to the Yuba. Rich diggings there, I'll tell you. About a month after I leaves Volcano Bar, feller name of Webster commences where I'd left off, in that same hole. He found a pay streak further down, and got a fortune out in a few months. There I'd

missed all that good luck, which was tolerable bad luck for me. When the claim seemed to peter out, he quit.

"Hold on, stranger, I ain't done yet. Listen. A while later, few months mebbe, four miners open up that same streak and take out thousands of dollars. And me, I'm working a claim in Dugan Flat, near Downieville. Sunk a hole as deep as I dared, working alone. Go much deeper, she might cave in on me, and bury me alive. So, when some fellers comes along and wants to buy, I ups and sell for one hundred dollars.

"Now, wait, listen. Them fellers goes only two feet deeper and gits gold, a thousand dollars a day, sixty thousand dollars in sixty days. I tell you, stranger, after that I says to myself, When I starts again, I'll keep sinking a hole till I strike bedrock or turns up a Chinaman, one or the other.

"Hold on, stranger, don't be in a hurry, 'cause I ain't done yet. Next thing I goes to Weaverville and starts a hole. And this time I tries to go just as deep as I says I will; but it takes money when you ain't hitting no pay dirt. When I goes broke, I borrows. And when I borrows all I kin, then I goes bankrupt. So I ain't hittin' no bedrock nor no Chinaman neither. So then I quits. Now, are you surprised because I can't see that it's a good morning, considering what's happened to me?"

"Well, I've heard as bad," the preacher replied, "and yet even then they struck it rich because they kept on and persevered. Why, I know of a man who went the rounds of most of the mining camps and hardly got enough gold dust to keep him in the merest necessities. He had a claim back from a creek quite a bit, and had to bring water from a spring to pan out the gold. It was hard, hot work. After a while the spring gave out, no more water. It was too far to pack water from the creek, so he decided to dig a well. He dug and dug, but not a drop of water could he find.

"Just my luck," he says; 'first I find the gold, small amount, away back from the creek and have to haul water from the spring; now the water's failed in the spring, and I can't get water from this hole in the ground. Just my luck—always missing. But they ain't nothing else to do only to keep on, I guess.'

"Well, he kept on digging for water, and after a while he got so discouraged and sick at heart that he decided to quit. It was nearly night, so he had to camp there one night more, and in the morning, he decided, he would pack up and move on. He had a good night's sleep and a good breakfast, and before he packed up

he thought he would like to have another look down into the well, to see if any water had seeped in during the night. He noticed at the first glance that a side of the well had caved, and, as he looked more closely, saw that a big vein of gold stood revealed. So you see how close he came to losing all of that just because he was about to quit. He kept at it, and there was the reward."

"That's all very well, Mr. Preacher," Jeremiah commented. "I thank you for your attempt to encourage me. But all you've said and all I've said just go to show that it's all a matter of luck; and I ain't got nothing but bad luck. I wanted to get together enough to keep me the few remaining days of my life; but it just can't be did. And I got a family back East, and they're having a hard time these days, with me not able to send 'em much. My! what wouldn't I give to go back with enough to keep us happy all the rest of our days. But it's all a matter of luck; and mine's all of the bad kind. Don't I know after these two years?"

"Well, now, Jeremiah," said the preacher, "since you seem to be such a firm believer in luck, why don't you turn over that stone you are sitting on, just for luck? 'Gold is where you find it,' as they say. I've seen gold found in more unlikely places than this. I heard of one fellow who stumbled over some rocks and dirt, went back to see what had tripped him, and found nuggets disclosed where he had kicked up the dirt. Downie tumbled over a stone, dislodged it and passed on; but the one following discovered a pocket of gold beneath where the stone had been. That was over near Downieville. Another fellow, using his knife, stuck it in the dirt for a few minutes, and when he took it out of the ground again, there was the gold on the blade and more in the ground. So, just to try your luck, turn over that rock, instead of sitting on it so long, and see what you find."

"Well, all right," Jeremiah agreed, "that'll just show you I'm right, and that I ain't got nothing but bad luck."

The stone was too firmly imbedded to be moved by hand, so Jeremiah had to loosen his pick out of the pack, and with this he finally brought the stone out of its place, and quite a bit of dirt along with it. He rolled the rock away without any enthusiasm, and then leisurely walked back and took a look into the hole it had left.

"Hey!" he cried in his excitement, "what d'you think of this? Come a-running!"

The preacher's curiosity, thus aroused, sent him in a few strides to the side of Jeremiah. The two men looked down into a hole where was the yellow glint of as much as a pound of gold nuggets, most of them the size of pumpkin seeds.

"That's good luck for sure!" said the preacher. "No bad luck about that. Now follow your good luck where it leads."

As the preacher walked away, he could not forbear to look back. Jeremiah stood above his lucky find, some of the gold in his hand outstretched, a glow of joy on his face upturned to the brilliant sky. No longer was the back bent, the look despondent, but the gray hair crowned a face shining with the hope, the expectancy, the vigor, of youth.

The lamentations of Jeremiah had ended.

But some will say that there is no parallel between the gold findings of California in the gold-rush days and the present ordinary events of common lives. And it is true that we may not all have gold and wealth of a material kind within our reach to-day, and yet no one actually knows this, not even ourselves; but one thing is certain—that there is wealth of some kind within the reach of every man's hand just where he is. But what that wealth is, whether material, intellectual, or spiritual, only he can discover, and that only by patient labor in long and arduous endeavor. There is no royal road to achievement, and no fast automobiles can hurry you along.

A lady in Baltimore lost a valuable diamond bracelet at a ball, and thought it was stolen from the pocket of her cloak. Years afterwards she washed the steps of the Peabody Institute to get money to purchase food. One day she cut up an old worn and ragged cloak, in order to get material to make a hood for her head. And there, in the lining of the cloak, was the flashing diamond bracelet. She was worth thirty-five hundred dollars all the time, but she did not know it. And so long as she did not know it, she was as poor as though there were not a diamond in her possession—all because she did not appropriate what was really within her reach.

You say that she did not know it. Exactly. And that is what keeps thousands from some treasure at hand—they do not recognize it, know that they can possess it, or make the effort to obtain it.

In East Brookfield, Massachusetts, there was a shoemaker out of work. His wife drove him out of the house at the end of a mop-

stick, because she wanted to mop around the stove where he had been sitting. Outside, he sat down on the ash barrel in the back yard—next thing to sitting in sackcloth and ashes, for he was out of work.

A few feet away ran a small mountain brook. As he sat there, not having anything else to do, he saw a trout go flashing against the current of the stream and hide under the bank. He soon had that trout in his hands. He took it in to his wife, and she sent it to a friend in Worcester.

The friend wrote back that he would give five dollars for another trout like that. At once the shoemaker and his wife began to hunt up and down that brook to find another such trout; but not another trout of any kind could they find. They then hunted up the preacher, and asked him why they could not find any more trout. He could not tell them why; but, true to his calling, he pointed them to a way to get more trout—secure Seth Green's book on the "Culture of Trout."

From that book the man learned that if he started with a pair of trout, a single fish would lay thirty-six hundred eggs every year. Each trout would grow an ounce the first year, and a quarter of a pound each succeeding year; so that in four years a man could secure from two trout four tons of trout a year to sell.

He didn't believe that, but thought that if he could raise a few and sell them for five dollars apiece, he could make money anyhow. He bought two little trout and put them in the stream, with the coal sifter downstream and a window screen upstream, to keep the trout in. His work was so successful that he later moved to the Connecticut River, and later to the Hudson. Finally he was connected with the United States Fish Commission, and had a large share in the preparations for the World's Fair in Paris in 1900.

And yet he had lived for twenty-three years by the side of that trout stream, and did not dream of the wealth so close at hand, not until his wife drove him out of the house with the mopstick and he sat on an ash barrel and thought of his misfortunes.



IF WISHES WERE DEEDS

The greatest genius of the shipbuilding industry has said that all the big men of his corporation attained their present high positions, not by wishing, but by thinking ahead of their jobs; they made their advance by planning and working to an objective aim. This is also true of other great industries.

Finding the Treasure

FIFTEEN years ago a young man began as a laborer. There came a time when he stopped to think ahead. "Shall I go on as I am going?" He decided to improve his time in study during spare hours. He wanted to know the why of things. He made good as he went along. He finally became one of Charles M. Schwab's men, and that means that he thought farther than his job. To-day he is general manager of the great Pacific Coast Shipbuilding Plant (formerly the Union Iron Works) of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, at a salary of \$45,000 a year. No doubt he feels that he found the treasure that was waiting for him; but I am sure he will admit that it took a lot of digging to turn it up.

"There is not a man in power in my organization," says Schwab, the head of all American shipbuilding, "who did not begin at the bottom and work his way up. These leaders rose from the ranks. They won out by using their normal brains to think beyond their manifest daily duty.

"Eugene Grace was once employed at switching engines. His ability to outthink his job, coupled with his sterling integrity, lifted him to the presidency of our corporation. Last year he earned more than a million dollars.

"Jimmy Ward, one of our vice presidents, used to be a stenographer. But he kept doing things out of his regular line of duty. He was thinking beyond his job, so I gave him a better one. He has gone up and up. The fifteen men in charge of the plants were selected, not because of some startling stroke of genius, but because, day in and day out, they were thinking beyond their jobs."

Jesse G. Vincent was a machinist in a Missouri town, who knew that hard work alone would not dig up the treasure he wanted. He began to study as well as work. He began a plan of life—"to study and invent." In time he rose to the position of Superintendent of Inventions for the Burroughs Adding Machine Company. He became one of the designers of the famous Liberty Motor for aeroplanes made to win the war. He is now chief engineer of the Packard Motor Car Company, of Detroit, designer of the famous Packard Twin-Six. Once he was a struggling tool-maker in Missouri.

E. B. Hayden of Lewiston, Montana, was a small-town station agent. Study, of an orderly systematic nature, in spare time made him an electrical engineer, and he is now earning \$12,000 a year.

To-night I sat at a table in a cafeteria. At the same table two young men also sat, one of them earnestly talking to the other. I overheard his words, for he made no effort to prevent anyone's hearing him.

"I had a good job with the oil company down on the Straits," he said. "It was about as good a job with them as a young man of my age could expect. I fired for the stills that refine the oil. I was getting over five dollars a day. The job is easy. You get up and see that the heat is right and that everything is going as it should. Then you sit down for ten or fifteen minutes.

"I got as unambitious as the job. I got to the place where I was letting things be as they were. Didn't read the papers or magazines, not trying to inform myself,—just vegetating. Then I got to thinking. If I stayed with the job, the job would stay with me. Years from now, I wouldn't be anything else than getting through one day after the other. Then I made up my mind to break.

"And I broke square off. I quit my job. I have taken up salesmanship. I may not make the wages at this I did at the other—not at first. But I meet people every day. I talk with them. I try

to get sales. I have to use my brain. I was getting so I didn't know how to talk, working on that other job. In the last ten days, if I do say it myself, I have speeded up my ability to talk by 20 per cent. Whatever my new job may mean to me financially, it's a spur to drive me ahead, and the other wasn't. I was afraid of that other job. That's why I wouldn't compromise with myself to keep it any longer."

He is looking ahead of his job. He wants to make something of himself. He is not so anxious of the dollar he gets to-day as to know that he is earnestly, zealously, trying to find himself, a better self, a self that now lies dormant. And so he is also on a treasure hunt. He knows it is buried, for he hasn't seen it yet. However, he is sure that it lies close to his path somewhere ahead, if he but takes and keeps the right path; and I am sure that he is right.

For, after all, what is the finding of dollars or jobs if we lose ourselves in the meanwhile?

And by the parable of the treasure hid in the field, Christ assures us all that there is for each something valuable for us to seek and find. And He also assures us that every one that seeketh findeth, and so this to which He points us is indeed a wonderful treasure hunt, for there is no chance for us to fail.

The story Jesus gives in His parable seems to be about like this: A man was plowing a field, either as a renter or as a laborer, for the field was not his. Intent only on his team and the soil curling over the plow, the plowshare suddenly grated upon the chest that contained the treasure.

Some one had hid it there in times past, and been unable to repossess it. Now suddenly he had found it. Out of poverty he stepped into sudden wealth, and his whole life was changed thereby.

Christ gave the story to point to the hidden and true riches; but what is true of the higher is true of the lower. The greatest treasure we can find is the character that can not be bought or sold, and is found in coöperation with the Divine.

And, too, there are financial treasures for us to seek; and seeking aright, we shall find. It is foolish to put these above the true riches, for he who does so becomes poor indeed. It is right for us to have a competency if we can get it without losing our integrity

or without confusing true valuations. There is power for good in wealth, even as there is power for evil when it is put to a wrong use; but we should use it to make to us friends of "the mammon of unrighteousness."

An advertisement reads: "A new idea, like hidden treasure, often lies hidden for centuries. Then, one bright day, Progress unearths it, and the earth gets a new thrill."

During the recent World War, one of the first urgent needs of the United States was a standard engine for aviation service in France. To find a suitable one, the government sent a large delegation to France, England, and Italy; and our own country was scoured. The search proved fruitless. Then the government determined to create such an engine.

In this emergency two men, E. J. Hall, of the Hall-Scott Motor Company, and J. G. Vincent, of the Packard Motor Car Company, were selected to develop an engine.

Years before, these two men had the vision. They had prepared themselves by years of application and with valuable fundamental knowledge received by careful study in their spare time. When the emergency arose, they were trained men. They locked themselves in a hotel room; and when they came out, they announced the Liberty Motor, one of the outstanding mechanical achievements of the World War.

This engine, designed and built in thirty days' time, was put in full production in a few months, and more than thirty thousand were built during the war. The motor was so far in advance of any other that it still holds all important records where reliability is necessary. The search for it was like a treasure hunt, and proved far more valuable when found than any treasure chest ever unearthed. Planned for the war, it has found its greatest value in these times of peace, and has done much to advance the swift transit of man and his interests. It has been one of those ideas whose finding has given the world a new thrill and a new impulse forward. And so you see there are many treasures and many treasure hunts. Just what yours shall be is for you to decide or to determine.

It was the training and education and previous experience that made it possible for these men to design such a piece of machinery. And all over the country there are men looking ahead as these men once did for the first time. They are actually planning their treasure hunt.



THE SHADOW OF THE LAMP

The great architect of to-day was doubtless a poor farmer's boy a few years ago. He burned the evening lamp, studied while others slept or idled, acquired special knowledge, and learned to do things the world wants done. It is one of the ways of stepping out from the mob.

Somewhere to-night, in a quiet home, a young man will sit down beside a friendly lamp and dedicate precious hours to self-improvement. He is not merely one man, but many men, for wherever ambition exists, wherever men go home from their work resolved to know more about that work, wherever the desire for achievement is eager and keen, there you will find the student beside the lighted lamp, planning, arranging, actually started on his treasure hunt.

To-night in California, perhaps, a young man will touch his pencil to the paper for the first time; but five or ten years from now he will be a prominent architect. On some farm in the corn belt a young man is at work on the engineering mathematics that will some day enable him to build a mighty bridge, put through a tunnel, or construct a gigantic tube to connect cities. In the kitchen of some humble home some one will hold his first test tube to the light to-night; but a few years hence he will be one of the great chemists in some great manufacturing establishment.

What some one else will do is not the all-important thing with you. What are you going to do about this hunt for treasure? That is the question for you. And, largely, it will be settled by the way in which you use your spare hours, your leisure time.

"Leisure is at once the most precious and the most dangerous gift to mankind. Most precious, because it enables the human spirit to participate in its priceless heritage, the spiritual world.

"But leisure is the most dangerous of gifts in the hands of those who do not know how to use it wisely. When men and women spend their leisure hours in idleness, in vicious gossip, in illicit drinking and gambling, in sexual indulgence and reckless joy-riding, the more leisure they have the worse it is for them and for everybody else. They depreciate in value; they become a menace to society, a burden to us all.

"Character is determined partly by what a man does for a living; but more largely by what he does with his leisure time. Science, invention, and big business, and a more equable distribution of the products of industry will surely give to us an increasing amount of leisure. What will we do with it?

"Vocational guidance is important, but avocational guidance is vastly more important. . . . Every pupil in every school may discover his door of hope, his entrance to the enchanting realm of the spirit, his pathway to a successful life.

"He may be doomed to tend a tyrannous machine, to be a mere cog in the wheels of a great industry, a slave to a vast corporation. He may be forced by circumstances to grind all his days in a Philistine prison, but the eyes of his . . . soul need not be blinded, nor his spirit broken at the wheel. Whatever his occupation, free and rich and happy he may live in companionship with the great spirits of all time, if he has been taught to make a right use of his leisure hours."—*Henry Turner Bailey*.

And there are opportunities for all. You can not be too old to learn, to achieve. There are rewards at every milestone along the pathway of life.

"*The twenties* are freighted with great destinies, for in these years men finish their school work, form their friendships, determine their tasks, stand before the marriage altar and establish their homes, fix their habits, and get started on their careers. Look out for the figure 2; it is about 8 o'clock in life's morning. The twenties largely determine what we shall be for the next five million years.

"*The thirties* are years of discouragement. It is a hard time for young physicians, young lawyers, and all kinds of young stuff in the thirties. Then we must fight for recognition. Nine tenths of the poetry of life is knocked out of men in the thirties.

"How about the forties? This is the decade of discovery, when a man finds his real latitude and longitude, when he finishes his castle building and comes to know the fictitious value of his dreams. By the end of the forties, you can tell what a man will be throughout all eternity.

"Life comes to its ripening in the fifties. This should be a decade of jubilee, and life should be at its best in the fifties. A man should do better work in the fifties than in all the previous decades put together. This will tell what previous decades have been.

"When a man comes to begin his age with a six, it gives him a big shock. By that time a man has committed enough mistakes to make him wise above his juniors. A man with the accumulated experience of sixty years behind him should live better and do better work in the sixties than in any other decade of his life. No man has a right to retire in the sixties; the world needs the benefit of his wisdom.

"Some of the best work in the world is done in the seventies. No man has a right to retire at any age unless he wishes to die. A word of congratulation to those who have reached seventy and beyond: You have almost finished your course; we trust that you have fought a good fight, and that there is laid up for you a crown of righteousness."—*Robert George.*

And so there is a quest for all, an achievement for all, and ample rewards for all; for "while there is life, there is hope."

WHEN?

*"On the wild rose tree
Many buds there be;
Yet each sunny hour
Hath but one perfect flower.*

*"Thou who wouldst be wise,
Open wide thine eyes;
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower."*

Questing for Treasure—When?

ALL of wealth that is acquired is reckoned in moments of time. The money lender reckons the use of his money in interest at a fixed per cent a month or a year. The laborer works by the day or the month or the year. The value of labor and the value of money are thus counted in terms of time.

And it is in our present that we accomplish what we do. The past is out of our reach, we carry only the memory of it; and if we would learn any lessons from it, we must apply them to the present, we must use the experience now. The future has not yet come to us. We may look forward to it. We may plan for it. But in this anticipation we must act in the present in our building for the coming days.

And so it is as the Bible says, "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." And as salvation, to be of value to us, must be accepted in some glorious *now*, so anything that we are really going to accomplish must not be delayed. To delay it is not to do it; and, so long as we delay, it is of no more value to us than if we had deliberately decided not to do it. Countless things are never done that persons really intended to do sometime, but failed to do because they eternally procrastinated.

Then, another thing that keeps us from this questing for treasure is the reluctance to apply ourselves. We get into a routine of life where we are content to leave things as they are. We may not think closely about it, we may not reason with ourselves, but we simply let things drift. And so the treasure remains hidden, just because we will not take the time *now* to hunt for it, will not expend the energy to dig it up. It is another way of saying that we are too lazy and too indolent ever to amount to much more than we are at present.

Then there are those who openly declare, "I am satisfied. I do not care to advance my conditions." "Oh, that's good enough!" has not only spoiled many a job that should have been better, but it has put the worker into such careless, shiftless habits that he also has been spoiled.

Many, in traveling up the heights of achievement, have come to a formidable wall, longer and higher than the Chinese wall, that kept out the Tartars—it is the wall of "Good enough." And another flanks it, to make sure you do not proceed; it is similar to the other, and is called, "Let well enough alone."

There is a whole army that has got into this habit of letting well enough alone. And habits are hard to break. It is easy to keep on in some habit you have formed; but to change your habit, that is hard.

Skill in any form involving action comes only from practice; that is, after you have learned it and it is a habit. And habits cost time and labor to acquire; while to keep them up costs next to nothing at all.

Take the act of walking. Nothing you learn is more difficult or so complicated as learning to walk, unless it is learning to talk. But you do not think of either one of these as difficult, because they have become fixed, natural habits.

And here stands the wall. Are you satisfied with the way you walk and talk? Does the wall, "Good enough," keep you from improving? There are thousands who never look into a dictionary to improve their *use* of words; they never look into books of information to improve on the *subjects* of their words.

And now, if you are not satisfied with well enough, learn more. Before ever you went to school, you learned a great deal. And since you have left school, why not learn a great deal more? Why consider your education finished? Consider, rather, that it has only begun anew, and that nothing can stop it but senile decay.

It may be hard at first. That is because you have your old habits of mental indolence to break; and breaking habits is difficult work. But keep at it. Learn more—every day—with sweat. If you persevere, after a while you will know it so well that you will do it without effort. That is how you learned to walk. And that is how you learned to talk.

"If you can build a hen coop, you can build a garage of a kind. If you can talk Latin, you can almost talk Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Roumanian, and French. If you know much English, you know some Anglo-Saxon, German, French, Italian, Latin, Greek, and several words of other languages.

"What is the size of your vocabulary—two thousand words? That is the normal allowance of a child of six. Shakespeare used twenty thousand; Milton built his masterpieces with less than half that number. But an intelligent farmer to-day requires twenty-five thousand.

"Words are tools, the most amazing and important yet invented by the human brain. Lack of the knowledge of how to use words or of the words themselves may be fatal to your progress.

"Inventory your use of *time*. Of course, if you set no value on your time *outside* 'office hours,' you are not likely to be critical about the time and energy you put into anything except your 'job.' And yet millions of pay checks remain the same because these out-of-office-hour situations are not scrutinized. Do you get anything out of them that you can cash in on—to-day, to-morrow, next week, next year, or five, ten, twenty years hence?

"The geniuses of the world were builders—with words, with brick, with granite, with tones, with pigments, with wood, with steel, with chemical elements, with physical forces, with electrons, with ideas, with fantasy, with imagination, with sweat and time and energy.

"And you can emulate them if you want to. But 'lives of great men oft remind us' is just piffle—unless somehow, somewhere, you can get such a 'kick' out of the 'reminder' that you start on your own hook.

"Lives of great men should be used as you would use a cookbook—to help you bake something you can eat and grow on and live by.

"Edison lives on electricity, Millikan on electrons, Ford on flivvers, the Mayo brothers on operations. A steady drive at one thing, kept up long enough, will make you famous and possibly a genius.

"If you are in love with it, you can adapt your life—and even your alimentary canal—to its pursuit. There is, of course, plenty of room for the Jack-of-all-trades; but if you would be past master of one, you will have to guide your time and your energy toward that goal and put your heart into it.

"Your brain is limitless; do not circumscribe it with a Chinese wall of ignorance, nor let it slumber while you go through the same old life in the same old way, rooted to your job like a tree.

"Load it with new sights, new sounds, new tastes, new vocabularies, with new experiences. And remember, the more you use your brain, the more brain you will have to use."—George A. Dorsey, in the *American Magazine*, author of "*Why We Behave Like Human Beings*."

Every one of us ought to be an engineer—an engineer of his time. In a twenty-four-hour day there are 1,440 minutes, and every one of those minutes of the day ought to be used to good advantage. Frank G. Gilbreth has ascertained just how long one ought to take to unlace his shoes, take them off, put them on and

lace them up again. The time in which it can be done is twenty-nine seconds. He had found this out on an engineering job for a big shoe company that operates hundreds of stores in every part of the United States. At the start it had taken the clerks seven minutes, on the average, to fit a customer with shoes and complete a sale. The engineer had reduced this time to three minutes. Of the three minutes, seven seconds were allotted for the removal of the customer's shoes and twenty-two for putting them on again.

"Starting at the bottom and using both hands, a man can button his vest in three seconds! That's laboratory, stop-watch time! The other way usually takes seven seconds. Four seconds lost on buttoning a vest! Accumulated seconds make minutes!"

And time is different from anything else—if you lose a cent or a dollar, you may get another cent or another dollar just as good; but if you lose a second or a minute—time that is actually lost—you will never find more that is just as good.

As Gilbreth says: "Of course it isn't important that a man should cut his shaving time in half, get his shoes on in a flash, button his vest in no time at all. But it is important to think in elements of time. We ought to know how long it takes to do all our jobs—from sharpening a pencil to dish washing or reading a column of fine print. Find that out, and you have made a beginning as a time engineer."

Are there some things you would like very much to do? Are there things that you do not have time to do—things you would like to do? There are many things all of us would *like* to do besides the things we *have* to do. Often, the real reason with most is that we do not rightly use our time to make these other things possible; and to do this we must get down to the rock-bottom, fundamental principles of time saving.

One of the greatest thieves of time, as you have heard countless times before, is procrastination. So, the first rule of saving time is to do something at once that you really desire to do, with whatever you have,—make some sort of beginning.

In the Gilbreth household it was found that at mealtime the questions asked by the children, or subjects that were raised, usually resulted in the need of more information. To save time, they moved the household information bureau right into the dining room.

It was made a rule that every question that became a subject of argument should be looked up at once. And all books necessary

for this were added to the information bureau. It was drilled into the children that the way to save time is to look up the facts. The way to waste time is to argue about the facts.

I know of a professional man who has a dictionary and a set of the latest encyclopedias right where he works at his profession. If a patient asks a question, some one free to do so looks it up at once. If the doctor is uncertain about a word, its pronunciation, meaning, use, it is glanced at while in mind. If it were put off, a special part of the day would have to be arranged to look this matter up, and many of the queries would be forgotten, and the special time would never come.

But you say, "This takes time." Yes, but it saves time, because it makes for certainty, for accuracy, in what one does. It takes the guess out of work, it takes away the hesitation and gives definite, direct action. The knowledge gained helps to save time in days to follow.

And the habit is as important as the facts gained. It trains not to guess at what one does, but to know what he does is correct. And it makes one deal with every other task of his life in the same way—he puts nothing off, but deals directly, promptly, with all his duties and even with his play. And directness is like a straight line—it is the shortest distance between here and where he is to go, whether it be traveling or doing or talking or thinking.

The Western cowboy has gone down into history as one who used few words and those few terse and epigrammatic—"bob-tailed and full of meat." The loneliness of his life in which he might not see even one of his mates gave him much time for thought and little for talk. And in the hot, alkali dust of the desert, with his red handkerchief over his mouth to screen out the burning dust, he had little chance to talk; and thus it became the convention to speak in word pictures,—to say of a tramp, "One no-work, much-eat just sifted in;" or to describe the Grand Cañon, as "a hole that God dug in anger and painted in joy."

Right here in the matter of our speech we have marvelous opportunities to improve, as was suggested at the beginning of this chapter. Slow, slovenly methods of speech, clothing inaccurate, uncertain statements, do not show a respect for time or anything else.

Remembering that we are still on this subject of directness or avoiding procrastination, let us bring an illustration from an experience of Mrs. Gilbreth. She had spent a year in travel and



THE ADVANTAGE OF DISCOMFORT

Because the cowboy's life compelled him to use few words, he made those few sententious—full of meaning. We can profit by the example. We constantly practice talking, yet make no improvement. It will take time and study, but it will pay well.

study, getting together the material for her first book, "The Psychology of Management." During this particular period of time her duties in the home had increased. There were four children. It seemed that she could never get time to do any writing. Several months went by, and nothing had been done on the manuscript.

"Why don't you go ahead and write your book?" her husband asked.

"Because I am awfully busy, and have so many things to do."

"But just think a minute," he advised, "and give me the three or four reasons why you don't go ahead. What's the first reason?"

"It'll take forever to write it out. It's a big job."

"Maybe there's something in that," he agreed; "but we'll get around it. I'll get a dictating machine, and you can talk into it."

"I haven't any way of getting the records transcribed," she reminded.

"Reason number two," he laughed. "I'll take the records into town, and have them transcribed for you."

The prospective author, by this time, could not think of any more reasons except the first one, of being too busy.

"During the past month," he asked, "how much time could you have spent with the dictating machine each day?"

"About one hour," she told him.

"We'll make it two, then."

Together they drew up a schedule of the daily duties and the time required for them. By this plan it was necessary for her to get up half an hour earlier in the morning, and she was relieved of certain of the household tasks, the husband and the help taking them over.

Then the man wanted to see an outline plan of the book. She hadn't got that far. "Let's do it now," he said; and before they went to bed the outline was complete. A week or two later Mrs. Gilbreth was surprised to see how much she had been able to get done in two hours a day. In three months she had the book finished in practically the form in which it was published.

If a writer has the ability, if he has the material together, if he knows what he wants to do, he can write a good-sized book in less than two months by writing only four or five pages of letter-sized paper a day. It is the set amount finished each day that piles up the work to a quick completion. It is the old story of the tortoise and the hare all over again. Spurts of speed once in a while



WINGS, OR BALL AND CHAIN

Right methods of doing things are like wings to speed one forward. Bad methods slow up the work as effectually as if one were dragging a ball and chain. What is a champion? It is one who has learned the best way to do a thing, and so acquired the habit that he can do it that way every time.

do not accomplish as much as the steady plodding day by day, without a failure to accomplish the set amount every day.

One of the best typists in the employ of a company manufacturing typewriters could not win the championship. This company had not had a champion in a long time, but they did not feel that it was due to their machine, but to some fault in their typist. They called in an efficiency engineer. He made motion pictures of her work. The slowed-down pictures showed that in order to strike the keys at the top and then at the bottom of the keyboard, or *vice versa*, she *moved her elbows*. A very slight motion! Yet it kept her elbows going continually from back to front. The unnecessary motion caused fatigue; and it was this extra motion that slowed up her work. She had reached her limit.

The efficiency engineer did not attempt to put this typist under training. Doubtless he felt that it would take too long to break her of the habit, and the results might be problematic if he did. He chose another operator, who was just beginning to develop speed. She had not as yet developed any bad habits. At one time she practiced with her elbows fastened, so she couldn't move

them. She was taught to hold her hands in one position over the keyboard, using her fingers alone, her elbows not at all. In the course of time she got the habit. And that year she won.

It has been demonstrated that champions have evolved good habits of accomplishing their tasks. These champions do the same thing in the same way until they become creatures of superhabit.

A girl had the job of putting caps on typewriter keys. She used a little hammer weighing several ounces, and tapped on thousands of caps every day. A little platform was constructed to stand on her table; and after she had tapped a cap on a key, she laid the hammer on the platform instead of on the table. What was the result? In the course of the day she lifted the hammer *one mile less!*

On this matter of using tools, Mr. Gilbreth has given expression to the fact that we are ourselves tools in the hands of time. And as a tool can be worn by the hands and the work into certain grooves of habit, so may we be worn into grooves of habit by time.

"In the end, these grooves are going to show whether we've been second-rate or champions, each in his way, in dispatching the affairs of the day. By choosing our habits, we determine the grooves into which Time will wear us; and there are grooves that will enrich our lives and make for ease of mind, peace, happiness—achievement.

"So spend and be spent, for we're in a race with Time! But that doesn't mean hurry. It means forethought and plan; slow, steady patience in practicing this difficult business of living day by day. In the great *speed* contests with Time, we're all going to come out second; but much that we want to do we may get done by *skill*."

Great Rewards from Fragments of Time

THERE are men who have lived the normal life of the average man, and who have also, on scattered fragments of time, created another man of themselves, a second man who otherwise would not have existed. This has been the result of treasuring up portions of time usually wasted. And these men who have thus economized their moments have not always had as much leisure as the average man has.

We notice, for instance, the case of Herbert J. Tily of Philadelphia, a business man. He had a great ambition to be also a musician, and to-day he is one. As a business man, he is vice-president and general manager of the big Strawbridge and Clothier store, in Philadelphia, with four thousand employees under his direction; and he is also president of the National Retail Dry Goods Association.

As a musician he has been granted the degree of Doctor of Music by Villa Nova, and is the head of a noted chorus, president of the Musical Art Club, president of the Philadelphia Music League, and a composer.

In addition to these accomplishments, he has versed himself in astronomy, philosophy, art, and literature. And as a scientist, he is a member of the Franklin Institute, one of the most renowned scientific bodies in the world.

But even this is not enough to catalogue all his achievements; for he is a stenographer, an expert in accounting and finances, a lightning calculator of figures, a fine penman, a fluent speaker and writer in French, and a student of French history and politics. Thus he has made two men of himself; and this second man, had he not created it by hard, patient work, would have remained, like buried treasure, hidden from sight.

How did he learn these things? Was it by going to school and college and attending until he had gained them? By no means. And that is what makes his achievements an inspiration and an example to others.

While riding on the trolley cars going to and from work, he acquired stenography in three months. It took him half an hour in the morning to go to work and half an hour to return home after work hours—one hour a day. He worked six days a week, making

six hours a week, or three hundred hours in a year. Or to state it more concretely, here was about a solid month, of eight hours a day, on trolley cars alone, in which to study.

And he tells us that besides this time on the cars he had his lunch hours, his evenings, the minutes almost all of us waste after we get to bed, and the incalculable time all of us spend in talking with other people.

"Why, there is a whole education to be gained," Mr. Tily declares, "from that one source—the people we meet every day."

"But suppose," you may argue, "I have to talk to a Lithuanian who knows little English; how can I learn anything from him?"

"By asking him about his own country," Mr. Tily informs you. "He'll get you interested. Then you'll see a book on that country, and buy it. Soon you will be straight on the way to become a real student of Lithuanian affairs."

Mr. Tily did not have the advantages of a college education; for just when he was about to enter, his father failed in business. But the mother took up the work, and Mr. Tily says that she was more to him than a whole college faculty. And the two together, mother and son, began the great adventure to find for the son that wonderful treasure of his highest possibilities.

"I was fourteen when my father's business crash came," he tells us. "All of our money was gone. Father, for the rest of his life, must work for others at a weekly wage; and it meant that I must go to work. It was a blow. But my mother met the situation bravely, and it revealed to me the real strength of her character."

"You need not give up your music," she told her son. "And you need not give up your studies. We'll find time somehow. We'll work together. I'll help you."

And then followed nineteen years of companionship with his mother. During those nineteen years she never lost sight of her objective for her son or let him lose sight of it. Since she could not send him to college, as he puts it, "she became my college, my guide, my helper, my mentor, and, as she had promised, my fellow worker. The knowledge she possessed became insufficient for her self-imposed task. She increased it. In addition to her duties at home and in the church, she found time to study, not merely to keep up with my studies but to keep *ahead* of them; questing the treasure.

"Could I fail in the face of her example? If I had, I feel I would have been but half a man. She will stand to my dying day

unforgettable in memory, a model of the best and finest in womanhood."

In these words is revealed the secret of how Tily learned to economize his time and to use it for his own progress in knowledge. It was a result of his mother's teaching and example. This is emphasized by an incident from his life.

At twelve years of age he was put to the task of learning to play an old-fashioned, foot-pedal organ that stood in the home. He hated that old organ as heartily as a boy could hate anything. One balmy spring morning, his longing for the outdoors made him especially rebellious against music and all who had to do with it. His lesson was an utter failure. His teacher was in despair. His mother was moved to appeal to him.

"You're only wasting time, son," she said, "and every minute that you waste is gone forever. Each minute has something in it that belongs to you, and you're letting it slip away. You don't know what the minutes of your music lessons hold for you, because you've never really tried to find out. Won't you make the effort to hunt for it?"

The thought thus aroused intrigued him. From that day he began to hunt for the interest in that detested ordeal. He hunted earnestly through study of his lessons and practice. For a time he found nothing, although now the lessons failed to drag. A little later there came a zest into the hunt, an eager look ahead to it as in a game of chase. And then, almost before he realized it, the minutes so recently hated contained the greatest joy of his life. He had found what lay in his music lessons—he had found music itself. That was the treasure hitherto buried from his sight.

This joy he had now found in music had been in the old organ all the time, just waiting for his effort to find it. It was there at the first as much as at the last. And this principle is as true of every other task imposed upon us. Many a job is hated because the gold mine in that job has not been zealously sought for and found. It is the lesson we should ever be ready to learn, the lesson of the well-hated job. Don't give it up until you have discovered the reward it can give to those who are determined to find it. The reward lies in the job itself. The work of finding it lies with us. It lies buried till we uncover it.

The same experience came to him in the study of penmanship. He disliked writing. But he thought that, as with music, he could find an interest in it, if he would keep at it. His weakness in pen-

manship made the work at first a drudgery. But he worked anyway, his mind on the hope ahead. Soon he wrote better. Then he wrote quite well. And then gradually there grew in him such a liking for penmanship that for years afterwards he practiced constantly to perfect himself in it. His conquest of other fields of knowledge was of much the same character. Let him tell it in his own words:

"Take the word astronomy. We all know that astronomy is the science which treats of the heavenly bodies. But how many of us have gone beyond that first definition of it? Yet in every unabridged dictionary are at least ten cross references leading into ten times ten directions into a universe so great as to be beyond human comprehension. You will find references to star, nadir, zodiac, telescope; the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems; to such men as Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Newton, Galileo, Laplace—all under the one definition of astronomy. Why, it suggests study that might occupy a lifetime, and still remain unexhausted.

"The point is this: We are all intrigued by the stars, by the planets, the sun and moon. They interest us, and we wish we knew more about them. But we stop with the wish! We don't go beyond the first definition.

"My own curiosity did lead me beyond the first definition in the dictionary, and almost before I knew it, I was absorbed by the overwhelming interest of astronomy. I read on it, and found statements I didn't comprehend. I saw I needed a teacher, and set out to find one. I found him right at my hand in my own office, a young man who had studied astronomy in college, and gained a rudimentary knowledge of it.

"He took pleasure in explaining it to me, and at every opportunity I 'pumped' him about astronomy until I had a groundwork that enabled me to go on alone. Thereafter, whenever I met anyone whose knowledge of astronomy could be added to my own, I 'pumped' him for it."

Thus, you see, Mr. Tily has become a well-educated man by merely using zealously his few fragments of time each day; and what he has done others can do if they desire knowledge enough to persevere in the search.

And as I have been writing thus far in this chapter, a man sitting at my right at the table in the City Library has been energetically working at a cross-word puzzle, in fact he has worked at the solving of several of them. And I feel that he has, in a relative

sense, been wasting his time. While he has thus been going through a mere mental calisthenic exercise, he might have been storing his mind with useful knowledge, and at the same time he could have gained all the mental skill his solving puzzles can possibly give him. He is letting his real treasure lie buried.

And while he has been solving his cross-word puzzles, I have been getting inspiration and decision and resolution from the life of Tily. And I have written some of this down for others, and thousands will read this account, and many of them will feel the same great incentives, and some will put the principles into practice. And this, I take it, beats solving cross-word puzzles by millions of miles!

And as we think of what can be done on loose ends of time, I recall the example of a professional man. He had received a college education, but he was not satisfied; he wanted a postgraduate degree. But a mother and a sister were depending on him to make a home for them, and so he had to locate for the practice of his profession. In doing so, he selected the city where was located the oldest college in the state.

A few years later, the member of the college faculty in charge of the chair of science called upon the young man for professional services. This attended to, the young man talked with the science teacher regarding the unsatisfied longing of his heart.

"Could you give me," he asked, "some work in histology that I could do at odd times here in my office, and that would apply on a master's degree?"

"Yes," the teacher promptly replied. "I gave a young man a task a year ago with just such intentions. But he has fallen down on it. If you can solve that problem for us, I'll recommend you to the faculty for a master's degree."

A few days later the teacher brought several hundred dollars' worth of instruments and appliances to the young man's office and set him to work to find the trouble in certain solutions they were using in the science department for the preservation of tissues to be studied under the microscope. This solution, called a killing solution, had been given them as a formula from the Chicago University. Often it caused the cells of the tissues to take on a shriveled appearance that made them unnatural and therefore worthless for study.

Before the spring came and the end of the college year, the young man had found out the cause of the difficulty, and had

tested out a killing solution that worked infallibly, and that made the task of preserving animal tissue a matter of great ease and simplicity. The faculty were happy to vote that young man the degree of master of science for the work he had done. And so on commencement day he sat with the other graduates, and received the reward of his labor, the prize of his well-used fragments of time—his diploma of postgraduation.

Twenty-six years ago, a boy of eighteen was cooking for a crew in a lumber camp in eastern Maine. He did not have a dollar in the world, for he was the third of ten children, and his earnings went to his poverty-stricken family. For five years he had been cooking in the woods. He had never seen a railroad train or a trolley car, nor had he ever been in a city. To the ordinary observer, that boy was doomed to oblivion.

To-day, at forty-six, he is dean of one of the largest law schools in the world. He is the author of ten law textbooks. More than that, he founded his own school, and by hard fighting through long years of discouragement, he built it up from nine students in September, 1906, to two thousand eighteen in 1924.

The name of this man of achievement is Gleason L. Archer, and his school is the Suffolk Law School of Boston, Massachusetts.

At the age of thirteen, he had to take his part in the earning of the family living. All about him were the lumber camps of Maine. His five years in the woods were fruitful ones for him, and marked the whole course of his future life.

The secret of it is that he devoted his odd moments to study. In order to have a place where he could study undisturbed, he built with his own hands a new and larger camp for the men, so that he might use the smaller one for his undisturbed study. He wrote for magazines, and lived in a world of his own. Thus he passed unscathed through surrounding influences that would have proved harmful to others not thus occupied.

It is as Dean Pound of the Law School of Harvard University has said:

"One of the most difficult things in the world is to get credit for work. A writer will sweat, starve, go in rags, during the apprenticeship that eventually qualifies him for his great work. When it appears, the world says, 'He's a genius!'

"A business man will start out in youth as a coal heaver, toil twelve hours a day, sacrifice pleasure, study until past midnight,

and after forty years of effort gain a fortune. 'He's a lucky dog!' says the world.

"One man will spend sixteen hours a day at his desk; the man next to him will spend eight. Yet when the sixteen-hour man is only halfway there, people look at the faster traveler and murmur something about 'pull!'"

And Dean Pound says of his own work:

"I don't write easily and naturally without effort. Every paper, lecture, or book I have written on law has been the product of hours, days, or weeks and months of the hardest kind of labor. As the saying goes, I have 'sweat blood' over my writings. It has been a constant, tedious, racking process of write and rewrite, then rewrite again.

"Yet some of my friends have a notion that I simply call the stenographer and spout wisdom as a hose does water. They don't see my getting down to work in my office at seven-thirty o'clock each morning, nor the hours of work I put in after seven o'clock at night. My work average was probably *sixteen hours daily for years*, and it is from twelve to fourteen hours now. That isn't the schedule of brilliance, but of a plugger."

In the words of another, "Genius is but the capacity for hard work." And this means more than an eight-hour day. Let the unions insist on the eight-hour day for labor; but he who would get somewhere must use the hours after his days of labor for self-improvement if he ever wishes to rise an inch above the common plane.

The willingness and determination to use every scrap of our spare time is what will put us ahead. A full use of our time will unfailingly mark progress and success for any man who will persistently adhere to it. It is the surest way in the world to find your buried treasure.

Treasures in Time

ALL the riches there are in this world lie hidden, all life's treasures lie buried, in moments of time. For wealth is the result of labor, and labor is done by the hour and the day. All that is achieved, all that happens, takes place in time.

And how valuable is our time!

Moses, looking back over the ruin of the Egyptian army in the Red Sea, of thousands upon thousands of his own people perishing in the wilderness because of their sins, and contrasting this shortness of life with the eternity of God, declares with eloquence:

"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth."

And then, as he thinks further of the sinful quality of human life and of the shortness of life's span, he prays, "So teach us to number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom." Psalm 90:2-12, A. R. V.

It is by a right estimate and use of our time that we are to find and uncover the greatest treasure there is for us—a heart of wisdom.

"So teach us to number our days."

We number or count the things that are valuable. We number them to know the store of them or how much of them remains. Men store up money often for the purpose of making an investment that will, in turn, yield a profit. Is it possible for us so to number our days, so to evaluate them, that they will, as accumulated capital, yield us a profit? Can we, by the right use of them, uncover some golden treasure?

Yes, it is possible, for it has been found by statistics, based upon huge accumulations of facts, that in material things every hour spent in self-improvement is worth, on the average, ten dollars. Ten dollars an hour! Where can you get better wages than that—and for spare hours, or leisure time?

And since the hours are thus valuable, we should count them—number them in such a way, treasure them up, to a prudent use, thus acquiring for ourselves a heart of wisdom.

So here we all have a mighty fund of potential wealth, for all who live have time. It is riches within our reach, wealth as it flows through our lives, but only as we use time well, thus uncovering our treasure.

And since time rightly used may give to us wealth in material things, so, put to a still higher use, it may be to us all the wealth of eternity. And if time rightly used can give us eternity, it is impossible fully to estimate the value of time thus used.

Thus in the right use of time lie hidden potential riches, the true riches, in fact; and as we rightly number our days, so counting them as to apply our hearts unto wisdom, we shall have wealth beyond the utmost dreams of any man—the riches that can not be measured and that will never end.

The dying thief upon the cross had but one moment of time, as it were, and he so used it that it uncovered for him an eternal treasure, an immortal gain.

Franklin declared that time is the stuff that life is made of, and so it is; but there are vast differences in lives, and this difference lies in the way men use time.

In cold countries, along in February, perhaps, the thrifty housewife will count, number, the cans of fruit still remaining on her shelves. She numbers them to know how much is left and that she may hoard and treasure them so they will last until fresh fruit comes again. She counts them because they are of value as food.

Scholars count, or number, the days of school until vacation, thinking of the pleasures of vacation rather than of the value of the school days remaining. Better to think that the days at best are few in school, and try to get all that is possible out of them. Vacation and end of days will come soon enough.

And by these simple examples we begin to understand what the text means when it speaks of our numbering our days—it is so to value them that they shall be of the highest value to us. Let us not waste these precious moments of time.

“Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they have gone forever.”—*Horace Mann*.

"The moving finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."—*Omar Khayyám*.

The past is as surely out of our control and use, after it is gone, as is the future before it has come to us. Then use the present well; it alone is ours.

"On the wild rose tree
Many buds there be;
Yet each sunny hour
Hath but one perfect flower.

"Thou who wouldst be wise,
Open wide thine eyes;
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower."
—*Richard Watson Gilder*.

In twenty-four hours Jesus Christ was betrayed, arrested, tried, and crucified, died, and was buried.

In one day He fed five thousand men miraculously, cured many sick, and preached a great and lengthy sermon.

In less than a day—one third of twenty-four hours—one may travel from New York to Chicago.

In about five hours a portion of General Jackson's army marched more than thirty miles.

In two or three hours Beecher, on an English platform, changed the sentiment of England concerning America, and enlisted a nation in the cause of freedom against slavery.

In a single day the entire New Testament was telegraphed from New York to Chicago, and appeared in print the next day.

In a few seconds a check for twenty-five millions of dollars was written in payment for a railroad in New York.

By a few strokes of the pen great treaties have been signed, bringing peace to nations.

In the flash of a moment the mightiest mind of the early church was changed from a persecutor to a Christian, and there and then received the impetus that caused him eventually to write half the New Testament.

In one day a life may be irretrievably wrecked, may take upon itself a load that will never be laid off to the end of life, or commit a crime that will darken all the coming days.

In a few hours of one Sabbath Abraham talked with God, saw the face of the Son of God, understood the days to come, beheld by faith Christ's death and resurrection, and the redemption from sin and death of all the saved. How much of life, thought, revelation, glory, and dignity lay in those few precious hours! and how will they compare, short as they were, with the longest life of a tramp, loafer, or dissolute person?

Can you put a proper valuation on the day when Moses talked with God face to face, and received the transcript of the law? All the ages since have been different because of it. There is not a nation but has been marvelously influenced by the publication of that perfect moral code. Millions upon millions of striving human beings have sought to bring their lives into conformity to it; and even the wicked have been more or less restrained from evil because of it. How valuable was that day!

Long before Tennyson sang, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," an eminent seer, peering into the future, with a wisdom of rapture, exulted: "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand" elsewhere.

Longfellow bade us daily see a great picture, read a great poem, or hear a great piece of music. But any of these or all of these can not have a tithe of the effect that true religion can give—a thought from the word, an impulse of the Spirit.

"So teach us to number [value] our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom." Time is the one thing we need to be almost miserly with, yet it is the one thing most people waste and throw thoughtlessly away. Like water wasting at the spigot, running on and doing no good as it flows, so does time flow through many lives, accomplishing nothing of value.

And worse than wasted is that time which is used in the debasing of the character and influencing others in the way of evil living.

"So teach us to number our days,"—
as a merchant inventories his stock—counts it and records the numbers. And at such times he looks carefully at his business position, discovers how he stands with the world, whether he is gaining or losing, and if he has increased his present worth. So we may cast up our mental and moral accounts. We may know what progress we have made, learn if we have advanced or fallen back since a year ago. Have we an increasing fund of knowledge, a

strength of character, and is the sum of these in proportion to the days we have lived?

There is, in a certain parish of England, a cottage whose doorstep is an ancient tombstone, removed at some remote period from a churchyard. The occupants of the cottage—husband, wife, children—tread upon the old record of death, day after day, yet never notice it. So it is with most of us; we forget that this world is one vast cemetery, and that we are always, so to speak, treading upon a grave. Do we go on as unheeding as if life were to run on with us unceasingly the same always? Or do we seek to redeem—buy up by a good use of—the time, knowing that the days are evil?

Gibbon, the historian, reckoned he had at least fifteen years to live on the very morning on which he died.

A man in the month of January declared, "There is not a thing the matter with me; I haven't an ache or a pain." On a morning in April, in less than an hour, without warning, he passed from the activity of life and health to the silence of inaction and death.

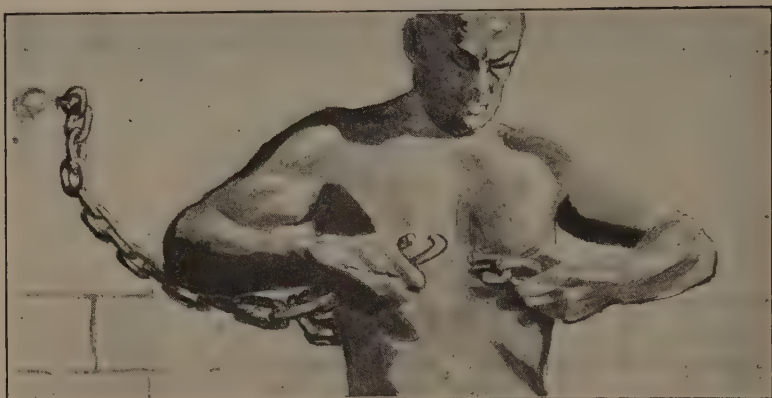
Think how the heathen Romans used their hours:

"On that hard, pagan world
A fateful loathing fell;
Deep weariness and sated lust,
Made human life a hell.
In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay,
He drove abroad in furious guise
Along the Appian Way.
He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crammed his hair with flowers;
No easier and no quicker passed
The unimpracticable hours."

Little did they think or know of the future. They might guess much, but knew nothing. They saw the roses, which crowned their heads, fade, wither, and die. They saw the pale messenger, Death, come knocking with impartial hand at the door of poor and rich alike. They knew they grew older and nearer the grave. They grew weary of the dance and of the wine cup. They ceased to believe in the cold, vicious gods of wood or stone or metal. And thus living, what was the worth of time to them?

Time can never be valued rightly until it is seen in its relation to all time—eternity.

"Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price."



BREAKING YOUR CHAINS

You must break some kinds of fetters yourself, or remain a slave. Such are the chains of ignorance and error, of prejudice and habit and custom. When we exert ourselves to be free from these, there is a spirit comes upon us, as upon Samson of old, that makes us mighty enough for the task.

There was not long ago a faithful woman, living and working in the Black Country, called Sister Dora. One day a poor pitman was brought into the hospital with his right arm shattered. The doctors examined it, and decided that it must be cut off. But Sister Dora was of the conviction that, with good nursing, that arm might be saved. She persuaded the doctor to spare it; and after long and faithful care, she saw the shattered arm grow well.

Not long after this the nurse herself was stricken down with an illness, and was taken to the hospital. And every day the grateful pitman walked miles, after his weary work, to inquire after Sister Dora; and he always gave the same message to the attendant, "Tell her that *her arm* knocked at the gate to inquire for her." He realized that it was her planning and caring for him that had given him back a well, useful arm; without her nursing, he would have had no arm.

And there is One to whom we owe all we have; without Him and His sacrifice, we should have nothing.

On one occasion David hid in the cave of Adullam. The Philistines were encamped at Rephaim at the end of the plain. For twenty-four hours David had not had any water. He was thirsty and faint for a drink. As he lay panting in the cave, his men of arms about him, he said, "Oh that one would give me drink of the

water of the well of Bethlehem, that is at the gate!" In his famished condition, he thought of the well with its wonderful water, where as a boy he had often quenched his thirst.

Instantly three brave men raced through a rain of arrows and javelins, over the plain to the well, got the water, and brought a gourd full to their suffering chief. But David could not bring himself to drink of water secured at such risk. Instead, he poured it out as a libation, or sacrifice, to Jehovah. That water procured under such hazard of life seemed as the very blood of these men to David. He could not drink that which had been gained at such jeopardy of life.

Every second of time that comes to us was purchased with a dearer blood and at more fearful peril and sacrifice than the water from the well of Bethlehem. Not merely the arrows and javelins of the Philistines, but all the arrows and spears of hell Jesus received into His breast, and poured out His heart's blood, a precious libation, in sorrow and agony, to buy and to give this time to you and to me.

Time thus bought for us is worth more than a king's ransom. We ought to use it as if every moment of it were bought with drops of His blood. Let us say, "I will pour out, or spend, this time as a sacrifice to Jehovah in all that is clean and good and pure and noble. I will show my appreciation of every moment of time bought at such a price."

The inscription on the dial of the clock at All Souls College, Oxford, is "*Pereunt et imputantur.*" That is, "The years pass away and are reckoned against us."

Ignatius, when he heard a clock strike, used to say, "Now I have one more hour to answer for." When Titus Vespasian returned victor to Rome, remembering one night as he sat at supper that he had done no good that day, he uttered the words, "*Amici, diem perdidit!*"—"My friends, I have lost a day."

It is said that "we never miss the water till the well runs dry," and time seems more precious when we have little of it left, as we look forward to its speedy end. "Millions of money for an inch of time!" cried Elizabeth, the queen of England, upon her dying bed. Reclining upon a royal couch, with ten thousand dresses in her wardrobe, and a kingdom at her feet so vast that the sun never set on its large domain, she who had wasted more than half a century, would, at the last, barter millions for an inch of time!

There is no excuse for the waste of time. Poverty, humble conditions or origin, unfavorable surroundings, are powerless to prevent the cultivation of the intellect if there be but the will and desire to accomplish this self-improvement. All that is necessary is to make the right use of the time. Any treasure can be uncovered, for it only lies buried in moments of time, and these moments rightly used can be made to uncover it again,—treasures beyond any that were ever buried by bold pirates of the main, and treasures that are untainted with human blood.

A few minutes here and a little time there frittered away in useless talk or mere gossip or unimportant news can be more highly valued by using it in study and self-improvement. Time often wasted in bed, time riding on the street cars or the trains, as well as the time spent in waiting for them; time spent in waiting for meals, or waiting for those who have delayed to keep their appointment,—all these precious fragments of time may be gathered up through the day and used in study and reading and purposeful thought to the great gain of body, mind, and soul. If one will be resolutely persevering in this careful economy of time, he may acquire knowledge and a mind so well trained as to be qualified to fill almost any position of usefulness, service, or influence.

Then, again, we can save time by disciplining ourselves to do our work without wasted effort. By right practice, some can do as much in one hour as others do in two or three. And it is possible to overcome slothful habits if one will but think and plan and labor with zeal; but remember that all habits are hard to break, and that it takes a resolute, persevering will to do it. And every minute you save from one thing that does not need it is so much saved for something else that does need it. You have bought up, or redeemed, just so much extra time.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." That is the antidote for laziness and the waste of time. Those who work for others in a lazy, droning way are even worse than the frankly idle; for they have sold their time for a price, and do not fill it full of the value bargained for—they seek to get part of their wages, at least, by false pretense.

And do not think that this delinquency will not be observed. Faithfulness will be seen and appreciated. The faithful steward will never want for an opportunity to labor; rather, his services

will be sought after, and he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is an honest man, fulfilling his part of the contract.

Thus living and working, we will have no dead past to rise up and haunt us. A beggar, at forty years of age, imprisoned for the eighth time in a French jail, had these words tattooed on his arm: "The past has deceived me, the present torments me, the future terrifies me."

There is a certain legend that tells us of a wicked king who lived in every kind of selfish luxury. Then in time he died. And in due time he came to judgment. There were no attendants to conduct him to ease and enjoyment, such as he had known in his earthly life. He saw, instead, a hideous hag with matted hair and blood-dripping hands approaching him. The king shrank back and demanded who she was. To this she replied:

"Dost thou not know who gavest me birth?
In me embodied thus, behold
Thy sins on earth.
I am thy wicked work! Unfold
Thine arms and clasp me, for we two
Must live united the ages through."

Only he who has used time well will enjoy eternity, for these two are but different parts of that which we call duration. And character encounters no change in crossing the boundary between time and eternity. Whatever we have been here morally and habitually, that we will be there. Eternity does not change our nature, but it will enlarge the resources and facilities and powers of those who rightly use them here.

Time and the Treasure

WHEN we say that the treasure can be uncovered only by the right use of moments of time, some will say: "I can't spare any time from what I am doing now." But when we look into their daily lives, we find that it is a matter of whether they want to badly enough. The vast majority do what they want to do; and the things they dislike to do get left undone; then the excuse is offered, "I didn't have time."

The average laboring man of to-day does not put in more than forty-eight hours a week; eight hours a day, and half a day on Saturday. The office worker usually puts in fewer hours. Now, what is done with the other sixteen hours of the day? Not more than eight of them are needed for sleep, and one, or a little more, for eating. That gives a five- or six-hour fragment of a day to be accounted for; and one hour a day steadily pursued will make one master of almost any branch of knowledge in a few years' time. But it is in that constant persevering to do the stated amount every day where so many fail. Perhaps not one in a thousand will make the effort, and, of these, too many give up before they have gone very far.

The time-saving machinery of to-day will give us more and more spare time, and the question arises as to what we are going to do with that leisure time. It will give us opportunity to train mind or hand for larger things. If we will but set some of this time aside, we shall be the better for it. Too much of it is wasted, and worse than wasted.

I knew a man, now dead, who spent one night every week at a game of cards until the hour of midnight. He told me, on one occasion, that playing in the small room, and in a great cloud of tobacco smoke, made him nervous and worthless for work the next day. Yet he continued to do this for years. He died a comparatively young man. If that card-playing time had been sedulously spent in the upbuilding of his health and the training and invigorating of his mind, though but the one evening a week, no one can calculate the good to him that might have been accomplished.

But the stock excuse when such application is urged is, "I haven't the time." And so let us consider some less fortunate than ourselves. When we see what wonders they have accomplished, it will show how inexcusable we really are.

John Kitto, a poor crippled boy, once pleaded with his drunken father to be allowed to leave the poorhouse. Previously, at the age of thirteen, he had fallen from a ladder while carrying mortar, and became totally deaf in consequence; this because his father, being a stonemason, had compelled the boy to labor at so young an age. At the workhouse he learned the trade of a shoemaker. And now he wished to leave the workhouse, and made an appeal to his father.

"I know how to stop hunger," he said. "Hottentots live a long time on nothing but gum. Sometimes when hungry they tie a band around their bodies, and pull it so tight they don't feel the cravings of hunger. Let me go, father: I can do as they do. There are blackberries in the hedges and turnips in the fields, and there are hayricks for a bed. Let me go; I won't be any trouble to you."

And thus one of the greatest Biblical scholars of the world began his work. He left the workhouse to hunt that treasure of achievement which, as yet, was buried from his view. He soon found true, warm friends, who were impressed by his studious habits and industry. He traveled extensively; and the latter half of his life was spent entirely in work for the publishers of books, many important volumes coming from his pen. He had no opportunities, but he made them, as anyone of determination and industry and high purpose can. In 1844 the University of Giessen gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Frederick Douglass was born a slave. He never saw his father, and had only a dim recollection of his mother, from whom he was separated at birth. The devoted mother, herself a slave, used to walk twelve miles in the night to see her child, choosing the dark because it was the only time when she was free from her tasks and because she was forbidden to go near him.

The boy herded for a time with the other Negro children on the plantation. He often went hungry. His only garment in summer and in winter was a coarse tow linen shirt. His only bed was a corn bag. Into this he thrust himself, his head sticking out of the top, and his feet protruding through holes in the bottom.

At seven years of age he was sold to some people living near Baltimore. His kind-hearted mistress, not knowing that it was against the law, taught him his alphabet. He seemed to know that these letters were the very key of knowledge; and when the master discovered what was happening, and forbade the mistress to go on with the work, the poor, unfortunate slave determined

that, without assistance or advice, he would go on in the way of knowledge. He dared tell no one what he was seeking, but in any way he could contrive he would continue to work as he had begun.

One day he found an old spelling book discarded by his master. This became one of his most treasured possessions. With this in his hands, he would approach some good-natured white boys of his acquaintance and inveigle all the knowledge he could out of them.

"Bet you can't tell what this word is," he would challenge.

"Aw, I can too. That's 'camel,' and that's 'horse.'"

Thus they were proud to show their knowledge, not realizing that they were in reality teaching Douglass to read. One thus demonstrating what he knew, others would contribute something, the black boy sharply watching for every scrap of information he could get. In process of time, he could read.

Then his mind turned to the problem of learning to write. He had observed that different characters were used for writing than those he had learned in the book. Near by was a shipyard. On the different pieces fitted for the ship were words written with chalk or carbon to indicate their positions in the ship, and by watching and asking apparently innocent questions, he came at length into the mysteries of written language.

"I have gathered," he tells us, "scattered pages of the Bible from the filthy street gutters, and washed and dried them, that in a few minutes of leisure I might gather from them a word or two of wisdom."

Frederick Douglass will rise to condemn those who have day schools, night schools, libraries, colleges, and universities, and yet dawdle away their time. He who had to pick reading matter from the gutter, who gave himself his first writing lessons in his master's shipyard by copying from the various pieces of timber the letters the carpenters had written there to designate their place in the ship; he who copied from posters on fences, from old copy books, anything available for the purpose; who practiced writing on pavements and rails; who got up contests with white boys to help him to greater skill; and who, handicapped by his color and his slavery, worked upward, in spite of lash and chain and imprisonment, to an education and to freedom and to influence,—such a man can forever, by such a life, put to shame our puerile excuses in claiming that we have no time for self-betterment.

And it was not merely knowledge, but an integrity of character, in spite of slavery and oppression, that was the real secret of his upward progress. It is well illustrated in the first incident that befell him after running away from slavery. He was on one of the sound steamers going from New York to Boston. He found that there was no chance for him to get a stateroom, upstairs or down. He saw that there was no opportunity for him to sleep comfortably on that boat, not as much as there was for a yellow dog.

It was a stormy night, and the dark was settling down when he curled himself up in as comfortable a corner as he could find. One of the officers, discovering his forlorn condition, hit upon a scheme to get the black man snugly fixed for the night. There would be objection to a Negro's being allowed to occupy a stateroom, but none for an Indian. The officer decided that the way out of the dilemma was to suppose that this man was an Indian.

And so the officer walked up to Douglass as he lay in his gusty corner, and, fixing him in the eye, said, "Let me see, you are an Indian, aren't you?" Douglass at once saw through the thin assumption, saw what the officer was desirous of doing for him, and, though he appreciated the kindness that had prompted it, he also scorned the lie and the trick that it involved.

Instead of saying, "Yes, I am an Indian," and walking over to the comfort of a bed and shelter, he raised up on his elbow in his disagreeable corner, looked the officer steadily in the eye, and said: "No, I am not an Indian; I am a nigger!"

The officer, disappointed and defeated, turned about and left him, and Douglass once more settled himself into his hard quarters, feeling honest within, if he was suffering discomfort without.

But this seemingly foolish thing on Douglass' part was the first round in the ladder of his fast and marvelous progress. Some one on the steamer told the story of the honest, gritty Negro; it got into the papers; it came to the leaders of the Freedmen's Party. Douglass was sought out, and asked to tell his story at some of the meetings. Rapidly, as a result of his simple, touching story of the slaves' condition in the South, he came into prominence; and finally Lincoln invited him to the White House for conference and consultation.

At the Republican nominating convention, in Minneapolis, in 1892, it was my privilege to hear Douglass give the first nominating speech for President Harrison. It was at this convention that McKinley acted as chairman, and laid the way, by his fairness as



GIOTTO AND THE STONE

Had Giotto not been trying to draw the picture of one of his sheep on a stone when the greatest artist of the time came by, perhaps he would have remained a sheep herder all his days, and would not have gone to Florence to become the greatest artist for the next one hundred years.

chairman, to his nomination four years later to the presidency. Douglass spoke with eloquence and power. No one would have suspected the handicaps and obstacles of his early youth. Such are the victories of persistency and application by the heroes of achievement, gained through self-education. Without time or encouragement for the work, Douglass forged ahead regardless of all hindrances. What may not others do if they but will?

"The hours we invest in ourselves are worth a minimum of ten dollars apiece, whether they be in college or out of college. There is no doubt on that point; hard, unsentimental statistics prove it."
—*Everett W. Lord, dean of the College of Business Administration, of Boston University.*

The early days of Giotto were spent amid the coarseness, squalor, and ignorance to be found at that time in an Italian shepherd's hut, where, five centuries ago, life was lived at its lowest, with scarcely a higher thought than the care of the master's sheep. The weakly boy, Giotto, lying down on the terraces, as his kind still do, would amuse himself by scratching with a stone

upon the flat surface of another some outlines of the sheep he had to watch.

One day, Cimabue, the first artist of his day and a wealthy and noble citizen of Florence, saw the lad at his work. Thinking he saw promise in the crude drawings on the stone, he took the boy to the city with him. There Giotto's savage ways of feeding and his uncouth ways of living were civilized in the servants' hall of his master, and his rough, mountaineer manner was softened by the civilities of the populous streets. And the religious functions and the solemn architecture of the churches fostered his reverence and his sense of devotion.

Presently he is admitted to wait on his master and patron, Cimabue, as he paints. He watches, he studies, and is finally allowed to attempt the work himself. The great artist encourages him in his struggle to present the beautiful. Seeing the young man's earnestness, and realizing his capacities, he has him instructed by Dante's tutor, who widens the youth's whole mental horizon, while Cimabue develops him in his particular gift.

And in time Giotto begins to see more in art than his master can see. And, as a result of his work, he lays a foundation of art that stands as the mold and shaper for all his successors for more than a hundred years after his death.

"That Giotto was the first Florentine painter of genius, there is no question. He resisted all Byzantine habits and tricks of style; his life in the open with the flocks he tended had revealed nature to him as his supreme master, and the moods of the hillside guided him in his art's utterance. In Giotto we have the first clear note of the new spirit that was being breathed across the land. In the work of his hands is seen that grasp of the figure as a real form, individual and capable of movement—to him was revealed the craft to display the body as being more than a flat, decorative surface."—*Haldane Macfall, in "A History of Painting."*

So it was that his days as a shepherd, after all, were a real gain rather than a hindrance. Out of the rude, coarse experiences of his early days he found a solid foundation on which to erect his later work, when once he had extracted the gold from the dross. But would it all have been had he not that day, when Cimabue came by, been scratching the pictures of sheep on a rock at his feet? It was these pictures that attracted Cimabue's attention and led to all that followed.

Benjamin West found his first art studio in his mother's kitchen, his brushes made of hairs plucked from the cat's tail, his canvas his mother's clean floor, and the baby in the cradle his subject. The first time he drew pictures on the floor with a piece of coal, his mother, coming in and seeing the black marks on her scrupulously white floor, instead of scolding or punishing the boy, picked him up and kissed him. She honored what he was trying to do, and not what he was doing to her floor. In after years he said, "My mother's kiss made me an artist." And thus the boy began his career by working as he could, the mother abetting him with her sympathy and love.

West was sent to school, and employed his play time at home in drawing. Some Indians coming to Springfield, West's home, became interested in the boy's drawings of birds and flowers, taught him how to make red and yellow paints, and his mother added indigo to his boyish scheme.

Later, a Quaker cousin visited him, a Mr. Pennington, who sent the delighted boy a box of oil colors and brushes, with several engravings, from Philadelphia. It was the first time the boy had ever seen a picture of any kind, and he flung himself into the passion of creating pictures from that date. Reaching manhood, he went to Italy and finally to London. He painted for the king of England, and, under his patronage, founded the Royal Academy of England, and was its second president.

Thomas Scott was the dunce at school. It was in the days when the word dunce stood for more than a name; it stood for a dunce's cap and a dunce's shame. The teacher and the students thought that nothing bright could ever come from dull Thomas Scott. So what was the use of spending any time on him?

One day a word spoken to him penetrated to his utmost being. There and then a resolute purpose was born within him. He vowed to himself that, though dunce he was, he would be dunce no longer. Handicapped by his dullness, the change was no easy matter. But he adhered to his resolve, and pushed on with slow but dogged progress. Little by little there came a change, until it was noticed. This encouraged him, for he knew that he was advancing. He persevered, and in time became recognized as a strong, worthy man.

The "Bible Commentary," by Thomas Scott, reminds us of some of the work he left behind him. That one work gave him a name and a reputation that was to last for generations. By this

means he put himself into hearts and homes and still lives. His was a life of blessed labor for others, and he died honored and revered for what he had accomplished. His name still stands high on the scroll of the great. And yet he did not start equal with his fellows; and, except for an inner fire that burned and would not go out, a dunce he would have lived and a dunce he would have died. And if so, the world would have been the poorer, and his name would have been lost in oblivion.

This waiting for better opportunities is often only because of a lack of courage and faith to make a start, and zeal and perseverance to continue. Besetments and forbidding circumstances are the very things that have roused some brave souls to undertake the fight, because they have seen that their restrictions doomed them to meager lives if they did not break through to a larger life and a wider liberty.

If you say, "I would do better if I had a better chance," it is well for you to remember that the greatest victories, all through the ages, have been snatched from defeat. It is true that Zacchæus was too short to see Jesus above the crowd, but it is also true that he could find a sycamore tree that would compensate for his shortness of stature. Circumstances were apparently against him, but he made circumstances serve him nevertheless. He used an expedient, a means to an end. He found the greatest treasure possible for a man to find.

The shepherd, with no apparatus but his thread and beads, has lain on his back on starry nights, and, holding the string at arms' length and putting the beads in line with the stars, finally mapped the heavens, and almost before he knew it has become a distinguished astronomer. The peasant boy with no tools but a rude knife, and by a visit now and then to the neighboring town, has begun his scientific education by producing a watch that would mark time.

The blind man, trampling upon impossibilities, has explored the economy of the beehive, and, more wondrous still, lectured on the laws of light. The timid stammerer, with pebbles in his mouth and the roar of the sea surge in his ears, has attained correctest elocution, and swayed as one man the changeful tides of the mighty masses of the Athenian democracy.

Phineas Pett, the father of English shipbuilding, began to build boats in the hold of a man-of-war. Ericsson began to construct screw propellers in a bathroom, became the inventor of

many machines and devices, and was the designer of the "Monitor" which, defeating the "Merrimac," did much to turn the tide of battle in the Civil War in favor of the North. John Harrison, inventor of the marine chronometer, began to make clocks in the loft of an old barn. John Lamb, the originator of the great silk industries of England, began to twist the threads on the edge of an old hat. William Murdock, who saw that the world had need of a better light than tallow candles, experimented on the manufacture of illuminating gas in an old rock oven in his father's pasture. Edison began his manufacturing enterprises in the baggage car of the Grand Trunk Railway train on which he was a newsboy.

Murdock, Stephenson, and Watt all built their models in back yards, using refuse iron waste at first to perfect their engines. Alvan Clark, noted maker of some of the largest telescopes, began to grind the glasses on an ordinary farm grindstone, and made the first refractors in a henhouse. Such men were not ashamed to use expedients, to use what they had.

Jonas Gilman Clark, who not many years ago endowed Clark University, at Worcester, Massachusetts, with one million dollars, began to make little toy wagons in the horse shed, and steadily enlarged his business with his own capital until his extensive factories fed a multitude of his fellow men. Elias Howe, Jr., began to make sewing machines in his little kitchen, where his noble wife also did the baking.

But the list is by no means complete. Daring souls, all of them, not scorning to work as they could, where they could, with what they had! Fitch set up the first portions of the first steamboat ever run in America in the vestry of an old church. The first Howe truss bridge was set across a frog pond beside a highway. The first electric machine was made in a watch-repairing shop. The first cotton gin and the first rice-hulling mill were both manufactured in a log cabin. Weiman's first ventures in the making of cannon were made in a stove factory; and the first model drydock was made in an attic.

Cyrus H. McCormick began to make reapers in an old gristmill. William Murdock's first pumping machines and gas generators were made in the mouth of an old coal mine. Morse's electric telegraph was first put up about the cabin of a vessel at sea. The first brick machine was made in a brickyard. Arkwright's spinning jenny was made in a carpenter's shop until it secured enough

money by its sale to set up a building for its own special use. Farquahar made umbrellas in the family sitting room with his daughter's help until he sold enough to hire a loft; and in 1882 he purchased an entire gold mine for a million and a half dollars.

Such are some of those who, lacking facilities, used what they had, and pushed on to success against unfavorable circumstances. They saw the world's need, and were determined to supply that need; and they were richly rewarded for their foresight and their perseverance.

“The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.”

HOW?

*“Life is an arrow—therefore you must know
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow—
Then draw it to the head, and let it go.”*

The Profit of Wisdom

A MOTHER was busy making pies for the threshers, who were expected the next day. "Mary," she called, "go into the pantry and get me the cinnamon can off the third shelf." Little Mary went into the pantry and saw that the third shelf was just beyond her reach. She came back to report the impossibility of her accomplishing what had been asked of her.

"I couldn't reach it," she told the busy mother.

The mother wrapped her flour-covered hand in a towel, grasped a chair that stood just outside the pantry, set it close to the shelf, turned and gave Mary a little spat, as she repeated her request.

"Now, dunce, get me that cinnamon can."

That was a great lesson to Mary. The mother could have let the child go with her first statement, and secured the can more easily than to make the child do it; but in that event, the child would not have learned the lesson of finding a way when at first there seems to be none. And so Mary was taught one of the greatest lessons of life.

"I don't know why I didn't think to get the chair," Mary said in after life, "when I found I couldn't reach the third shelf. But after that I never said I couldn't do things. Hundreds of things that would balk nineteen out of twenty women, I have found that, by setting one's wits to work, if one way isn't practicable, some other way is; and I have rarely failed."

The mother could have saved a few minutes that day by getting the can herself; but think how much time was saved eventually and how much the daughter learned and how much she accomplished later, because the mother taught her that wisdom is profitable to teach how to do what at first seems impossible.

"A farmer I once worked for was a first-rate fellow," says Fred Grundy, "but had exalted opinions of his own methods. As a consequence, he took suggestions from those under him with bad grace. One day I was harrowing with a small log fastened on the harrow to make it take hold better. As I was obliged to lift the harrow up once or twice every round to clear out the trash, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to throw off the log, lay on a short board, and ride. It would save leg muscles but also back muscles to clear the teeth. I tendered the suggestion in a modest way, and was told that if I was too lazy to walk, a mule would be purchased to carry me.

"Another of his methods was to throw the manure out of the stable every morning during the week, and on Saturday afternoon load it onto an old sled, draw it direct to the field and spread it. I suggested that it would save time and considerable labor to leave the manure in the stable every morning during the week. On Saturday afternoon the sled could be drawn up to the stable door, the manure thrown directly on it, and be drawn to the field and spread. He told me, when I suggested this, that he thought I must lie awake nights contriving ways and means to avoid work.

"About a week later an uncle of his dropped in one noon. This uncle lived about thirty miles distant, farmed seven hundred acres, and his opinion in that household was considered about as good as gold. After putting up his horse, I came in, and was introduced as a natural-born genius for avoiding work. Then my employer related the harrow incident and that about the stable. After the laughter was over, the uncle dryly remarked:

" 'If I had a man on my farm that would weight a harrow with a log and walk after it, I would have him examined for lunacy; and if one of my men should move the manure out of the stable to any other place than right onto the field where I want it, he would get his discharge before night. Don't you know, Jim, that one rainstorm will wash out a third of the value of stable manure? If it is in the yard, where you have been dumping it each day, that one third is wasted; if it is on the land, that one third goes into the soil.'

"After that my genius for avoiding work was never referred to."

Wisdom is profitable to direct—that is what we read in Ecclesiastes 10:10: "If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength: but wisdom is profitable to direct."

This wise proverb tells us practically that what we fail to do with our thinking we may have to make up for with our muscles; but that we can save labor if we don't save our thinking too much. If the ax is dull, wisdom says grind and whet the edge; otherwise we shall have to work too hard in cutting with it. Wisdom is profitable to direct us to the grindstone or the whetstone; for a little labor sharpening the ax will save a great deal of labor in cutting with it while dull.

And this is the principle that we must learn if we really accomplish anything at all worth while. There are wise and unwise

ways of doing things. And some things can not be done at all without the use of wisdom. And everything we do can be done better and more easily if we first give thought to the methods or means to be used. It is the wise use of means to accomplish the end that lifts us mountain high above all the other creatures of the earth.

And right here is where many have shown the possibility of doing the impossible. How can we separate mud and water, and do it quickly? "Can't be done," says some one. "Wait for the mud to settle, and the water will clear in time." But we wish to do it now, and quickly. We put the muddy water in a cylinder. There is a tube or pipe through the center perpendicularly, with perforations, and there is a faucet at the lower end of the pipe. By suitable machinery, the cylinder is rapidly whirled. By its greater weight, the mud flies—settles—to the outer sides within the cylinder, leaving the water in the center to be drawn off by opening the faucet.

On the same principle the milk and the cream are separated in the dairy separator. The milk is the heavier and goes to the outside, leaving the cream in the bowl, to be drawn off. With a machine similarly designed, it is not necessary to wait for the molasses to drain out of a hogshead of damp sugar. The damp sugar is put in a great tub with holes in the side; this is revolved rapidly, the molasses flies out, and the sugar is drained of its moisture. Clothes are dried in the large laundries in the same way. And here come fifty yards of cloth right out of the vat. Who could wring it out? It is put in a great tub, called a wizard, and whirled. The cloth is soon wrung dry.

In Foochow, China, they wanted to build a stone bridge to unite the two parts of the city. They built up stone piers forty-five feet apart from the bottom of the river to the desired height. Next, they wished to place stone stringers made of granite, three feet square, forty-five feet long, and weighing thirty tons each, in place on top of these piers. Not having the machinery of modern times, how could they do it? Again you say, Impossible. No, not only possible, but quite easy.

The granite stringers were placed on floats and brought to position beside the piers. Then the tide lifted the floats and the stone stringers. When it was high tide, the workers blocked the stringers to the piers, and let the floats drop with the falling tide. When the tide was at its lowest, they blocked the stones to the

floats, and let them lift once more as long as the tide rose. Continuing this process, they soon had the stones in place.

In the mountains about Salzburg, south of Munich, are great, thick beds of salt. The problem was to get this down to the cities where it is needed. How could they do it? Should they send it for forty miles on the backs of mules? It is difficult to haul the salt in such a mountainous country, but it is possible for wisdom to find a way of using this very condition to make its transportation a comparatively easy matter.

Water is first turned in on some of the salt, making a lake of salt water, for the salt is quick to dissolve. Then a pipe line is laid down the side of the mountain. At the bottom, brush about four feet long is cut and piled up forty feet high, being placed under the pipe and over as much area as is practicable. The salt water is sent down through the pipe, and runs out of perforations near its lower end, and is poured over the brush. If the water is allowed to run too slowly, it evaporates, and leaves the salt upon the brush, and defeats the purpose. If the water runs too fast, the brine does not dry out enough, and carries impurities with the salt. But when the water runs at just the right velocity, all the impurities are left drying on the brush, and the heavy salt brine goes on to the evaporators. When the brush is heavy with impurities, the salt water is stopped, and clear, pure water is run over the brush, cleansing it and making ready for a repetition of the process.

At Hutchinson, Kansas, there are great beds of salt four hundred feet under the surface of the earth. Two thousand barrels a day were wanted. How could they get it? They might run a tunnel down and mine it, blast it out, and haul it out. But wisdom found a better way. Wisdom made the impossible easily possible.

Wisdom bored a four-inch hole down to the salt, then it put in an iron tube or pipe to fit this. Of course, there was a well of water in the lower portions of that pipe, but never mind that. Inside this four-inch pipe, wisdom put a two-inch pipe that stood a little higher than the outer four-inch pipe. Then it poured water down the small pipe, the water became saturated with salt, and as long as water was poured into the small pipe the brine ran out of the large pipe, flowing over the top of this shorter pipe. By having enough of these shafts, and by drying out the water, they had the two thousand barrels of salt a day.

At Virginia City, Nevada, out of which millions have been taken, there is, or was, a mine. When they got down thirty-five

hundred feet—more than three fifths of a mile—the heat was intense; but the greatest difficulty was the water. How could it be pumped out? A column of water that height weighs 218,242 pounds. Who was going to work the pump handle? If steam were used, the amount of coal necessary would make it too expensive. And the use of gas was impracticable.

Then wisdom attacked the problem, and finally said, "The easiest way to get that water out is to pour more in." But that doesn't sound like wisdom; that sounds like a crazy man's notion. But, no, that is the direction of wisdom—get out the water by pouring more in.

So water was brought from twenty miles back through a big ditch to a reservoir four hundred feet above the mouth of the mine. A column of water one foot square taken from this reservoir to the bottom of the mine weighs 25,000 pounds more than a like column of water reaching from the bottom of the mine to its mouth. With that extra weight of water, the pumping was done. The higher column of water was turned into the cylinder of a pump, as if it were steam, and worked the pump and lifted the water out of the mine, carrying out both the water poured in to work the pump and that in the bottom of the mine. Thus wisdom got the water out of the mine by pouring more in.

Surely, wisdom is profitable to direct. It can make the apparently impossible both possible and simple. And, as has been said so we say again, Anything that ought to be done, can be done. Wisdom can find a way. Wisdom is profitable to direct.

The engineer applied the air brakes, but his heavy freight train went faster instead of slower. He knew that he was helpless; the brakes wouldn't work. He was on a down grade on the Pennsylvania Railroad between Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and the freight was gaining momentum with every turn of the wheels on a long stretch of incline.

The engineer realized that his train was a runaway, and, as he shot past the first signal tower, he opened his whistle wide, and waited for the inevitable. Something had happened to shut off the air between the locomotive and the cars behind him, and he knew that he could not control his train. And, what was worse, a few miles down the line he would crash into a local passenger train on the same track.

But just before it reached the passenger train, the freight switched over from Track One to Track Two, and swept past the

passenger, pounding on down the line with ever-increasing speed. The engineer drew a long breath of relief in escaping that collision, but his satisfaction was short-lived; for he saw a series of smoke puffs a short distance ahead.

He knew by this that there was another train ahead, probably a coal or a work train. When he had just begun to wonder how long before the great crash would come, his freight approached a switch, left the path of danger by going back on to Track One, and roared past the work train on Track Two.

The engineer yelled out his joy, for he knew that the train dispatcher had in some way learned of his predicament, and had given him a clear track, in spite of the terrible emergency; and at the West Philadelphia yards the runaway could be brought to a stop on the upgrade without loss of life, injury to crew, or damage to equipment.

At Harrisburg, a hundred miles away, Cornelius Welch, chief train dispatcher, was taking it easy. One of his assistants just then got a message.

"PA reports extra freight No. 1442 running wild on Track One!" the assistant shouted.

Welch ran across the room to the dispatcher who was handling traffic in the danger area. One glance at the train sheet showed the whole situation—a local passenger train standing in the path of the speeding freight on Track One, and a work train unloading ballast on Track Two. Welch had to manage to swing the runaway around both trains, or havoc would ensue.

First, he notified the operator at one of the signal towers to set the switch to throw the speeding freight over to Track Two, running it round the local passenger. Next, he gave orders to hold the local, and set the signal farther down, to divert the runaway back to Track One, in order to avoid the work train standing on Track Two.

This gave the speeding freight a clear track to the West Philadelphia yards, where it was brought to a stop on the upgrade.

In the arrangement of the block signals and switches, we see what wisdom had already done to prevent collisions; and then, with this machinery at his hand, the wisdom of the dispatcher quickly directed a clear course through the double dangers. And thus we see again that wisdom is profitable to direct.

And now, let's put a real problem up to this wisdom we have been talking about. At the age of fifteen, a boy is deprived of his

sight as the result of an accident. He is to engage in business and have five thousand dollars saved out of his earnings at the time he is twenty-one. His capital to begin with is only a few dollars' credit. Can it be done?

It has been done, and Walter R. Hicks is the one who did it. His story is fascinating. One pitch-black night, when fifteen, he was riding his bicycle as fast as he could, and met in a head-on collision with a buggy. The accident left him stone blind.

On that first day of his realization that he was to be blind thereafter, a terrible fear gripped him that he would now be useless. But one day some one had left the door ajar. Unaware of the obstruction, with heavily bandaged eyes the boy walked toward it, almost into it. A strange sensation, one he had never felt before, caused him to stop. He reached out his hand to know what had done this, and found the jutting edge of the door. There was a moment's pause, for he was struck with amazement, and then joy flashed over his features.

"My, that's great!" he exclaimed. "I've still got a chance."

It took him a year to get back his health after the accident. He had to give up school, but he learned the finger method of reading, and the touch system of typewriting.

At the age of sixteen, he decided to do something. His brother was with a wholesale coffee house at the time. This brother got a few pounds of coffee at reduced rates, and, with the help of a boy, the blind boy went about the neighborhood drumming up trade. Soon he learned how to make the short trips alone. He branched out, sold at wholesale as well as at retail, the coffee house shipping direct to his customers.

At the age of seventeen, he was earning twenty dollars a week. At twenty-four, he was earning thirty-five dollars a week, and at twenty-one he had saved five thousand dollars.

To-day Walter R. Hicks is the president of one of the largest paper-mill-supplies packing companies in America. It operates throughout the North American continent, and it imports stock from half a dozen European countries. How he carries on this vast business is another story. But his achievement tells us what decision and planning and working can do—that wisdom is profitable to direct.

And so, as we answer how we shall find and secure our buried treasure, we have this much, that wisdom can devise ways for us to succeed. Then, as the proverb says, "Get wisdom."

The Benefit of Being on the Alert

A MAN by the name of Benjamin C. B. Tilghman, of Philadelphia, once upon a time had occasion to visit the lighthouse at Cape May. He noticed something peculiar about the glass in the lighthouse windows. "Why do you put ground glass in your windows?" he asked. "Wouldn't clear glass give a better light out at sea?"

"Yes, it would," the attendant answered, "and we do put clear glass in the windows; but the strong winds blow the sand up against the windows, and soon it is all ground glass again."

This incident set Tilghman to thinking about nature's method of grinding glass. He had never heard or thought of such a method before. When he got back home, he set to work on an appliance, and in time contrived an apparatus that would blow jets of steam and air and sand against glass with such force as to roughen the glass almost instantly. By protecting the glass with wax or paper stencils, all sort of patterns could be left in clear and ground-glass designs. With this new machine it was possible also to cut seals. And with it more granite could be cut in an hour than a man before could cut in a whole day.

Tilghman sold part of his patents, taken out in 1870, for four hundred thousand dollars, and received untold benefits from the rest of his patents to the end of his life.

Nature had a process of grinding glass that was far ahead of man's laborious method of the time; but only one man heeded the lesson taught by nature, and heeded it to his magnificent profit. The attendant saw the process of nature going on night and day, but the fact suggested nothing to him; and many others who visited the lighthouse failed to notice the phenomenon, or to learn anything from it. But one man was on the alert; he was ready to hear the voice of nature; to him the suggestion was not in vain. He contrived to do artificially what the winds did naturally, and reaped a great harvest of knowledge and material wealth because he did.

Nature is a great treasury of methods and devices, for nature reflects the wisdom and power of the Creator; and since nature is thus constituted, it follows that the Creator arranged all the great things of the world in this suggestive and helpful way. "Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee." "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." "Consider the lilies how they

grow." "Behold the birds of the heaven." Thus the Bible and Christ Himself invite us to learn from nature lessons of profit to body and mind and soul. But to do this we must be on the alert.

Galileo on one occasion watched a lamp swinging in a church in Pisa, and the hint it gave him set him on the track of the law of the pendulum, a most valuable law in the construction and use of certain instruments and machines. Now, many others before Galileo had looked upon that swinging lamp, how many it is impossible to say; yet only to the one did it teach the great truth of nature's uniform, just, and eternal laws.

Though unfairly shut up in prison, Galileo experimented with the relative strength of tubes and rods of the same diameter. And while others slept, he stood in the tower of St. Marks, and discovered the satellite of Jupiter and the phases of Venus.

Galileo became so enamored with nature's ability to answer his many questions that he came to accept the truth of nature in defiance of some of the most fully accepted scientific dictums of his time. For more than two thousand years, learned men had accepted the so-called laws outlined by Aristotle. And this famous philosopher had acquired his laws, not by asking nature, but by merely thinking about the matter, and deciding how, in his own private judgment, it ought to be. And he had put forth the decree that a heavy body would fall to the earth faster and sooner than a lighter body. He declared that the velocities of their fall would be in direct proportion to their weights; if one body was twice as heavy as another, it would fall twice as fast.

Now, it is a marvelous thing that one who called himself a scientist and a philosopher could be so confident in the accuracy of his own mental processes as thus dogmatically to put forth a law of nature; and it is another marvel that he cared so infinitely little about what nature might have to say about it as thus utterly to ignore her revelation; and it is marvel upon marvel that for two thousand years learned men thought more of what Aristotle had said about nature's laws than they did of what nature herself might say. We have to come to Galileo's time to find one who is ready to listen to the real authority in this matter, and to find that nature gives Aristotle the lie.

And thus it was that the time came when Galileo openly challenged the dictum of the Greek philosopher, which had passed as science for so many centuries, and demanded of the great men of his time that they put the question to nature. That was a great



SELF-IMPRISONED

He doesn't need many bars to keep him inclosed, for he is in his prison from choice and desire. There are prisoners content to be in prison. A great Teacher once said that it was the truth alone that makes men free.

day, therefore, in Pisa when those who adhered to the old idea met Galileo, the exponent of nature's authority, at the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

"It was a great crisis in the history of human knowledge. On the one side stood the assembled wisdom of the universities, revered for age and for science,—venerable, dignified, united, and commanding. Around them thronged the multitude, and about them clustered the associations of centuries. On the other, there stood an obscure young man, with no retinue of followers, without reputation or station. But his courage was equal to the occasion. Confident in the power of truth, his form was erect, and his eye sparkled with excitement.

"But the hour of trial arrives. The balls to be employed in the experiments are carefully weighed and scrutinized to detect deception. The parties are satisfied. The one ball is exactly twice the weight of the other. The followers of Aristotle maintain that when the balls are dropped from the top of the tower, the heavy one will reach the ground in exactly half the time employed by the lighter ball. Galileo asserts that the weights of the balls do not affect their velocities, and that the times of descent will be equal; and here the disputants join issue.

"The balls are conveyed to the summit of the lofty tower. The crowd assembles round the base,—the signal is given,—the balls

are dropped at the same instant, and swift descending, they strike the earth *at the same time*. Again and again is the experiment repeated, with uniform results. Galileo's triumph is complete. Not a shadow of doubt remains."

Galileo knew before this what the answer of nature would be, for he had already put the question in the form of an experiment; but the others had rested confidently in the old dictum, venerable with the authority of age and great names, as if time and fame could decree or reverse the laws of nature!

And this brings us to another and greater marvel, for after this unequivocal answer from nature, the disciples of Aristotle refused to confess and abandon their error. Galileo had expected to receive the warm congratulations of honest conviction; but, instead, they assailed him with the bitter feelings of disappointment and hate. For fear of private interests, for fear of the loss of place, and because they would not undergo the mortification of confessing false teaching, they clung to their former opinions with all the tenacity of despair.

And it is thus that we see how there are in the world three classes of persons: those who do not pay any attention to the suggestions of nature and of the things about them; they do not heed; they are not mentally alert. Those who do look to nature for the meaning of many things, and who are humble and teachable enough thus to learn and acknowledge the truth. And, lastly, those who, even when they have observed what nature has to say, go on cherishing their old false conceptions, and disdaining all and sundry of the facts that oppose them.

There are many in this world who are, and choose to remain, the slaves of error, who will not be made free by truth; they will not enter the door of knowledge set wide open before them on every hand, ignoring the fact that one truth rightly received but leads in turn to thousands of others.

Galileo continued to march on in the path of scientific light, leaving his opponents behind in the darkness of bigotry and error. And these are, relatively, unknown in the annals of science, while Galileo's name stands high on the bright scroll of scientific fame.

Such is the value of being on the alert; such is the worth of a humble and teachable spirit, that leans not on its own understanding, but, studying constantly in the school of truth, is ever being emancipated by that truth from the slavery and bondage of error!

The Value of the Problem

JAMES WATT sat before the old-fashioned fireplace. Over the fire hung a teakettle, the lid of which was constantly rising and falling. This attracted the attention of Watt, and he soon realized that the steam from the heated water had power to lift the lid; and to exert this force upon the lid, it must follow that heat caused the steam to expand, for the water itself was not pressing against the lid. And if the steam could thus lift a few ounces, he wondered if it could lift more.

His grandmother, not knowing the problem on his mind or the trend his thoughts were taking, had no patience with what looked to her like idling and dawdling.

"Such an idle fellow!" she exclaimed. "Do take a book, and employ yourself usefully. For the last half hour you have not spoken a single word. Do you know what you have been doing all this time? Why, you have taken off the teakettle lid and put it on again, over and over. And then you have put a teaspoon in the steam, and after that a saucer, and you have busied yourself in collecting the little drops of water that condensed on the silver and the china. Now, are you not ashamed to waste time in such a disgraceful manner?"

But it happened that Watt was not wasting his time. He was not only using his time to good purpose, but, if successful in solving the problem before his mind, he would be the means of saving more time for humanity than any man who had ever lived before; because the steam engine, if perfected, would do easily what many men could not do at all, and what many men would do slowly and laboriously. It would free thousands from drudgery, giving them time to do other things.

But that problem of using the power of steam had been before the race for thousands of years. The germ idea of the steam engine can be seen in the writings of the Greek philosophers; they had the problem and the desire to solve, but the development of it was not accomplished for more than two thousand years later.

Newcomen, an English blacksmith, of the seventeenth century, took up the problem anew. He conceived the idea of moving a piston by the elastic force of steam; but his engine consumed thirty pounds of coal in producing one horse power. It had one serious, fatal fault, and Watt, as he condensed the steam on the

spoon and the saucer, was getting a hint from nature that in time turned Newcomen's failure into Watt's victory.

Watt was born at Greenock, Scotland, the son of a carpenter and merchant, who occasionally held such town offices as treasurer and chief magistrate. His early education was at the town schools, which he was unable to attend regularly on account of ill health. At this time he was learning the use of wood- and metal-working tools, and constructing ingenious models and original mechanisms.

When eighteen years of age, Watt went to Glasgow to learn the trade of an instrument maker, but soon proceeded to London, where he followed this calling for a year. In 1756, he returned to Glasgow, but experienced difficulty in starting in business on his own account, owing to the opposition of workers in the same trade. But it was a blessing in disguise, for it brought him into connection with the university.

A professor in the Glasgow University gave him the use of a room to work in, and, while waiting for jobs, he experimented with old vials for steam reservoirs and hollow canes for pipes. In 1764, he was called upon to repair the model of the Newcomen engine in the cabinet of the university. Studying this machine thoroughly, he soon realized its defects and lack of efficiency, and determined that the loss of heat in the cylinder could be corrected, and the imperfect method of condensing the steam could be improved. By cutting off the steam after the piston had completed a quarter or a third of a stroke, and letting the steam already in the chamber expand and drive the piston the remaining distance, he saved three fourths of the steam. This much the teakettle had taught him regarding the expansive power of the vapor. But the problem was but partly solved, and he still labored with it.

Watt suffered, from pinching poverty and hardship, enough to dishearten ordinary men; but he was tremendously in earnest, and his brave wife Margaret begged him not to mind her inconvenience, or be discouraged. "If the engine will not work," she wrote him on one occasion, "something else will. Never despair."

"I had gone to take a walk," said Watt, "on a fine Sabbath afternoon, and had passed the old washing house, thinking upon the engine at the time, when the idea came into my head that, as steam is an elastic body [has expansive power, as the teakettle taught him], it would rush into a vacuum; and if a communication were made between the cylinder and an exhausted vessel, it

would rush into it, and might there be condensed without cooling the cylinder."

The idea was simple, but in it lay the germ of the first steam engine of much practical value. Sir James Mackintosh estimates this poor Scotch boy and his idea to stand "at the head of all inventors in all ages and all nations."

In the Newcomen engine the steam was condensed by a jet of cold water in the cylinder, with a loss of heat and consequently of power; and Watt, by contriving an independent condenser where the steam was exhausted and condensed after doing its work on the piston, had solved the great problem that had hindered and, at the same time, intrigued him into success.

In 1774, a steam engine was completed, noteworthy in that it embodied the essential features of the modern steam engine. The next year Parliament prolonged Watt's patent for a term of twenty-five years, and during this term many other valuable patents were acquired, and many engines were manufactured and sold to mines and collieries. In 1800, at the end of the twenty-five-year term, he turned over to his sons his interest in the large and remunerative business that had been built up at Soho.

Such was the problem of the steam engine, and such the work of the man who solved it. And in time steam came to do the work easily and wonderfully that man could not do alone. Yet from that first mist that went up from the earth in the Garden of Eden the power of steam had been in every drop of water. But man, dull and unheeding, had toiled and struggled on in his own strength, when the Titans and Herculi of giant strength and untiring energy were all about him ready to do man's heavy tasks.

Riches—on all sides. Treasuries of power all around us. Wealth of energy on all sides. And yet man lived impoverished and restricted in accomplishment, though nature constantly whispered her secrets, suggested her help, held up the problem before his eyes and mind that, if solved, would cause him to enter mighty fields of giant accomplishment and huge endeavor.

Benjamin Franklin was busy with the problem of what that was in the clouds that ran in paths of light and shouted with the voice of thunder. He finally conceived a solution of the problem. He decided to ask it the question, but it was too far away to heed his queries; so, with a kite and a silk cord, a bottle and a key, he provided a new path which the lightning deigned to follow, and it told him this:

"I am just what you have already guessed. I am electricity. Obey my laws, and I will light your cities, run the wheels of your factories, do the work of millions of slaves, and give you new facts and truths and aids and benefits to the end of time."

It is true that Franklin could not then understand all this pronouncement, but it was the beginning of all the great advancement in electrical science from that time to this; for he had opened the way for electricity to come down from the clouds and dwell in our homes and shops, not there to do its roaring, but to sing its gentle song of peace and power. And even now we do not know all that it said that day when it came down from the clouds; but there are thousands to-day who are listening even better than Franklin knew how, and they are constantly learning a little more of the secrets of this mighty giant's power.

It was the problem in Franklin's mind that caused him to ask the question of the lightning that he did and in the way that he did; because he had to know something of how it might work before he could ascertain that thus it did work.

And it is the unsolved problems that still are luring our great inventors and mechanics and electricians along the road of further progress and newer and greater discoveries as the days go by. And so we say, Blessed be the problems, for they teach men to achieve when once they begin to think.

A Treasury of Hints

COLUMBUS was hoeing, we are told, cleaning out the weeds from his cabbage patch; and, while he hoed, he wondered how he could discover what lay out yonder beyond the rim of the sea, in plain view of where he hoed.

And as he looked out far to sea, he noticed that the ships, as they came in, showed only the tops of the masts, and that the hulls were the last to show; and as they sailed away, the hulls first disappeared, and last of all the masts. And this hint was not wasted on Columbus. No matter if many had seen it or even had noticed it, they had not heeded the suggestion of nature, they had not taken the hint.

"The earth is not flat, as most think," he decided. "No, indeed; it is instead most certainly round. And so that rim of the sea dips down as it recedes. The surface of the sea is like the handle of my hoe—the farther off, the farther down. And if I had a ship, I could sail off and down and off and down, and come at last to India. And in India I could trade for silks and spices in great store, and for peacocks and parrots, and could discover leagues and leagues of rich lands. And by this would I become rich for myself and for my king and for my nation, and would also be accounted great."

Such was the mere hint that only a hoe handle in a cabbage patch added to the appearance of nature. And it was a poor man shut into the narrow confines of his little vegetable garden who found the secret which ultimately enlarged the world by thousands and thousands of miles, broadened the views of millions of minds, and led out the vanguards of progress of these modern centuries, where was kindled the light that, please God, shall not dim till the whole world is illumined by its resplendent glory.

During sixteen centuries some of the greatest minds of that long period gave their study and attention to endeavors to turn the base metals into gold, and to find an elixir that would impart immortality. And it may safely be said that the labor of that utilitarian search for gold and perpetual youth yielded nothing useful.

And only when Paracelsus in the sixteenth century turned away from the attempt to produce gold chemically, to take up the testing out of useful chemical preparations, notably medicines, did men really begin to walk in the path of knowledge that nature,

through all the ages, had been able to teach them rightly to follow.

And then, just when it seemed that the foundations of modern chemistry were about to be substantially laid, there arose in the minds of chemists the idea that combustion was caused by a fiery "phlogiston." This was a wholly imaginary substance, for no one had ever demonstrated its existence, and it was brought in more conveniently to explain the phenomenon of oxidation.

But there were those who were beginning to believe that combustion was brought about by something from the air uniting with the oxidized or burned substance. And then Priestley managed to isolate oxygen from the air. This discovery in 1774, one of the greatest in the history of science, made it possible for Lavoisier correctly to interpret the process of combustion, to cast out of scientific thought the concept of phlogiston, and to place chemistry on a true foundation.

And at every step of progress it was nature that must be the final authority; and it was the processes of nature that hinted and suggested to men the problems of chemical science and also their solution. For more than a hundred years, while men rested in a fairy tale of their own fabrication regarding an imaginary phlogiston, they could not advance into the real truth—the error of phlogiston barred the way.

Men had learned from prehistoric times that oil or grease applied to their car axles kept them from heating, and caused them to run more easily. This secret of removing friction from the axle of the wheel was useful to carters and gig drivers; and yet the explanation of why that axle needed grease remained unknown from the first time men used wheeled vehicles until Count Rumford explained its story a little more than a hundred years ago.

Men had explained the creation of heat from friction by saying that heat was an imponderable substance; but Rumford upset this notion and showed that heat is a form of motion, a vibration in the particles of matter. The motion of the wheel acting upon the axle caused some of its own motion of the mass to be imparted to the particles of the hub and axle, thus producing heat. It was in the same manner that the savage could produce a fire by rapidly whirling a pointed stick upon a piece of wood, both the whirling stick and the vibrating, or heated, particles being but different forms of motion.

It led us to the doctrine now everywhere accepted by scientists, that force of energy is eternal, indestructible; and it was the

first real evidence that the universe is under the rigid rule or reign of law. Thus the hub of a wheel, or the axle on which it revolves, was speaking to man, telling him to learn a secret that would open vistas to the hithermost stars.

Men sought to prove that life can spring spontaneously from nonliving matter, but they came at last to know for the most certain of certainties that life comes only from preëxisting life. As they traced out those obscure originators of the lower forms of life, they discovered that germs have means of marvelously maintaining life under even extremes of heat and cold. And it led them finally to the great facts of bacteria and their products, and also to their part in causing disease. And when they prevented any of these bacteria from being present on everything that had to do with surgical operations, they had discovered and removed the greatest cause of failure to save life by means of the surgeon's knife. And it has all come about by putting intelligent questions to nature in the form of experiment; and nature's answers have been infallible and authoritative.

Men, in trying to explain why a pump will lift water, had said that it was because nature abhorred a vacuum, which men ought to have seen was no answer at all. Some one asked Galileo why a pump would not lift water more than thirty-two feet, and he humorously replied that it must be because beyond thirty-two feet nature did not abhor a vacuum.

No doubt many had thought of this fact before the time of Galileo. He did not himself solve the problem, but he suggested to his pupil Torricelli the problem and its probable explanation—the weight of the atmosphere on the surface of the water. The air could lift a column of water of its own weight, and this happened to be, at sea level, a column of water thirty-two feet high. Torricelli, with a mercury column, performed the same phenomenon, and proved that Galileo's explanation was the true one.

But the moment it was proved that air has weight, men went on to the discovery that this weight is due to the downpull of gravity, an attraction between all bodies or particles of matter—that there is a universal attraction throughout the universe. In this way nature led men from a pump to the stars, and showed the reign of an upholding power unto the farthest reaches of the material universe.

The Reward of Industry

WE HAVE considered how there are times when wisdom, in planning how to do work, is more important than the labor involved in doing the work. But for all of that, there is a reward that nothing but hard labor, persistent labor, along wise lines, can secure. Industry must be joined with wise planning in order to achieve.

In one of the chapters of Haldane's "A History of Painting," we read as a heading: "Wherein we see the dawn break in splendor over England out of a barber shop." Then we turn the page and read: "In a mean shop, at 26 Maiden Lane, long since pulled down, opposite the Cider Cellar, in the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, there lived in good King George's days, and plied his calling of barber, one William Turner, a fellow from Devon. . . . To this Devonshire barber and his wife Mary Marshall was born, 'tis said, on St. George's day of 1775 [April 23d], a man child whom they christened Joseph Mallord William Turner, destined to bring immortal fame to that Devonshire stock and to the England that bred him, the greatest poet in color that the world has seen."

How much the marvelous attainments of Turner were to be accredited to genius, that inner fire that inspires to supreme achievement, and how much to persistent industry, no one can tell; but there is no doubt at all of the fact that Turner was one of the greatest workers that ever held a brush.

"At nine the boy Turner drew Margate Church, just before going to his uncle at New Brentford for change of air, and eventually to school there, to draw cocks and hens and birds and flowers on wall and book. *He was always drawing.* He would copy engravings, color them, and the thrifty father would hang them in his window for sale. The early intention of making the boy a barber soon gave way to encouragement of the arts. . . .

"But the boy was not seeking the mysteries lazily. He was making drawings in that ill-lit home the while for sale; he was coloring prints for John Raphael Smith; he was out sketching with a lad of his own age called Girtin; and the evening saw him drawing at the generous Dr. Munro's in the Adelphi, besides washing in backgrounds for the architect Mr. Porden. What labor for a boy! Scant wonder that scholarship had small part in his



AN EXAMPLE OF INDUSTRY

Turner traveled all over the British Isles, painting innumerable pictures wherever he went. All his life, even from childhood, he did one thing, worked at it night and day, and learned to do it better than anybody had ever done it before. When he died, he had produced the largest number of art objects ever presented to a nation.

life. But at least he was learning to draw; for that he was trained like a race horse for the race. . . .

"Turner's secretive nature early drove him to 'keeping himself to himself'; he was early wholly living in his art—it was all in all to him. He was soon shunning all social intercourse, the very companionship even of his fellow artists. Indeed, some of his early water color drawings in their exquisite harmonies of green and gray, painted at sixteen, are so astoundingly original and in advance of all landscape painted before him that his craft must have been marvelous long before he came to manhood. . . . He neglected every other culture of the mind and body and manners, of comradeship, of affection, for it. In isolation of the mind and body . . . without flinching, he paid the price of immortality.

"Destiny seemed to float him to a great career. His wants simple, inured to hardship, strong and vigorous of body, he simply bent his will to excel in all that he did. He would paint on anything. He never waited for the mood. He was *always at work*."

At twenty-seven years of age Turner was elected a member of the Royal Academy, a mighty honor for so young a man; but he had done as much in this short time as hundreds do in a lifetime, so unflaggingly industrious had he been.

This amazing industry never ceased as long as Turner lived. When he died, he left to the government of England nineteen thousand, three hundred thirty-one items of art. He had lived just a trifle more than three quarters of a century, and every year, yes, every day, of it filled with enough work to have killed some people in half the time.

But he achieved for art, though he was miserly, and his private life unworthy of comment here. But art was the treasure he was determined to bring to light—to create the beautiful, and this he did as no one before or since has been able to do. It shows what genius and work can accomplish in a human lifetime.

Johnson said that a man must turn over half a library to write one book. An authoress said, on an occasion, that she had spent six hours on a poem, but Wordsworth told her that he would have spent six weeks. And we hear that Bishop Hall spent thirty years on one of his works, while Owen worked on his commentary on the book of Hebrews for twenty years. That is why these books have found a permanent place in the world.

Moore spent several weeks on one of his musical stanzas, which reads as if it were a dash of genius. And Carlyle wrote with the utmost difficulty, and never executed a page of his great histories till he had consulted every known authority. Thus every sentence in his histories is the essence of many books, the product of many hours of drudging research in the great libraries.

“In some respects it is very unfortunate that the old system of binding boys out to a trade has been abandoned. To-day very few boys learn any trade. They pick up what they know, as they go along, just as a student crams for a particular examination, just to ‘get through,’ without any effort to see how much he may learn on any subject.”

Bancroft spent twenty-six years on his “History of the United States.” Noah Webster devoted thirty-six years to his dictionary, and Gibbon twenty years on the “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.”

Michelangelo toiled alone from 1508 to 1513 on his famous decorations of the Sistine Chapel. The story of this greatest achievement of mural painting is an interesting one, and illus-

trates how terribly hard the great geniuses of the world have worked to produce their masterpieces.

Michelangelo had expected to make a tomb for the pope in marble, and he came to Rome at the request of the pope for that purpose. But when he reached the city, he found that his rivals had worked upon the aged pontiff's superstition of the ill luck in having a tomb made during his lifetime,—covering all risk of being considered jealous by maliciously suggesting Michelangelo's painting the vault of the Sistine Chapel instead,—thinking that, as a sculptor, he would be a failure as a painter.

Michelangelo hesitated, because he did not consider himself a painter. He knew nothing of the craft of fresco painting, and felt unfitted for the task. But the pope doggedly pressed him to attempt the work. And so, with great reluctance, he began the work on the 10th of May of 1508. Little did Michelangelo's rivals foresee that they had put this genius to a work that in all after years would be considered "amongst the supreme artistic achievements of the hand and brain of mortal man."

The Sistine Chapel was built for the especial use of the popes; in it takes place the scrutiny of the ballot for the election of the pope by the conclave of cardinals.

The artist faced a gigantic task, but, once having entered upon it, he flinched from nothing. To aid him in the craftsmanship of fresco painting, he called in six Florentine painters; but they failed to reach the majestic ideals Michelangelo set for them, and after six or eight months he decided to get along without them. He sent them away, blotted out what painting they had done, and shut himself up in the chapel to tackle with his own hands this vast enterprise.

Alone, painting upwards upon the great vault of the ceiling in a strained position, distressed in mind and with terrible fatigue of the cramped body, without a friend with whom to hold communion, scarce giving himself time for food, he had created by the end of October of 1509, in about nine months, hundreds of figures, some ten feet in stature.

Three years afterwards, on the first of November, 1512, at the hot insistence of the pope, who had already threatened to have him flung from the scaffolding if he did not hasten the work, and at last struck him with his cane, Michelangelo uncovered it, though unfinished, to the pope's wild admiration.

The whole of Rome, led by the pope, who indeed rushed to the chapel "before the dust raised by the taking down of the scaffolding had settled," flocked to see the great achievement which is the "supreme work of the Italian Renaissance, the sublime and majestic utterance of its art."

Michelangelo complained that the impatience of the pope prevented his finishing his work as he would have desired; but the vast undertaking could scarce have been bettered. "Taking a stupendous subject, this man, who alone in all his age had the power to utter that subject with art prodigious enough to pronounce its sublime music, wrought the full intensity of it all with a tragic force with which no other man has ever been gifted. In those few years, working alone, he achieved an intensity of emotional utterance in which he gave forth the significance of the creation of the world, the fall of man, the Flood, the second entry of sin into the world, in nine great spaces upon the center of the ceiling, which have been equaled in sustained power and dignity of utterance only by the English translators of the Bible.

"Continuing his vast drama, he uttered the need for salvation, foretold by the prophets and sibyls, the majestic dignity of whose figures are the wonder of the ages; and he wrought throughout his scheme the great groups of the ancestors of the mother of Christ. He painted twenty superb nude figures of athletes, of which any one would have established the genius of any painter.

"He had set his heart on the creation of the great tomb: baffled in his vast ambition, he put forth his hand to do in painting what he had been denied in sculpture, he raised in paint a mighty temple towards the heavens—the simplicity of sculpture is over it all, the human figure he glorified in paint employed with a hand that wrought the will of the sculptor's eyes.

"And he who looks upon this wondrous work of a man's hand may realize, as though Michelangelo had created it in solid marble, what that tomb would have been which he was thwarted in wholly achieving—may guess in some fashion what were the deeps of the grief that tortured the soul of this genius of a man whose mighty poem in carven marble was buried like a splendid dream in the baffled hopes that were flung to the ground in the 'tragedy of the tomb.'"

Compare this with the incident of the young woman who wished to teach elocution. She wrote to the university to know if she came and took twelve lessons in elocution if the professor did

not think that then she could teach the art. And then think of Titian spending seven years in painting the Last Supper; Stephenson, working fifteen years on a locomotive; Watt, twenty years on a condensing steam engine; Lady Franklin striving for twelve long years to rescue her husband from the frozen northern seas, and we see how willingly the heroes of the world have been eager to toil to find at last that treasure until then fully buried from all human sight. . . .

"Men give me credit," said Alexander Hamilton, "for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: when I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius; it is the fruit of labor and thought."

Some years ago Edison described his repeated efforts to make the phonograph reproduce an aspirated sound. "From eighteen to twenty hours a day," he said, "for the last seven months I have worked on this single word 'specia.' I said into the phonograph 'specia, specia, specia.' But the instrument responded 'pecia, pecia, pecia.' It was enough to drive one mad. But I have held firm, and I have succeeded."

The pianist Thalberg said he never ventured to perform one of his celebrated pieces in public until he had played it at least fifteen hundred times. He claimed that his success was due to hard work and not to genius. And it is an indisputable fact that all those whom the world has called geniuses were persons with an immeasurable capacity for hard work, for toil and perseverance.

A rich man asked Howard Burnett to do a small thing for his album. When Burnett had done it, he charged the man a thousand francs. "But it took you only five minutes," the rich man argued. "Yes," said Burnett, "but it took me thirty years to learn to do it in five minutes."

A young minister, impressed with his own abilities, said to another minister: "I prepared that sermon in half an hour, and preached it at once, and thought nothing of it." "In that," said the other minister, "your hearers are agreed with you, for they also thought nothing of it."

No man can get his treasure by just dreaming about it or by only thinking about it; the plan discovered, the way to do mastered, there is still left the long, hard hours and days of work, work until success is achieved.

The Recompense of Perseverance

SUSTAINED PATIENCE" was Flaubert's definition of talent. "If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew," says Kipling, "to serve your turn long after they are gone, and so hold on when there is nothing in you except the will which says to them: 'Hold on!' . . . yours is the earth and everything that's in it."

"All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise and wonder," says Johnson, "are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pickax, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are leveled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings."

Almost any chapter in this book and most of the examples cited are illustrations of the achievements of perseverance. What is the persistent use of one's time day after day but the continuance of a persevering will? What is habit but the perseverance, day by day, in a course of performances until they become second nature—become fixed in the very fibers of nerves and muscles?

Great men have found no royal road to their triumph; it has been always the old route, by way of industry and hard work through persistent application. It was not in the days of his bodily strength and political power that Milton composed "Paradise Lost," but when blind, and decrepit, and defeated with his party.

When Elias Howe was in London completing his first sewing machine, he was so harassed by want and woe that he had frequently to borrow money to live on. To economize, he bought beans and cooked them himself. He also borrowed money to send his wife back to America. He sold his first machine for about twenty-five dollars, although it was worth ten times that amount.

It was in a cellar that Arkwright began as a barber; he died worth a million and a half. The world treated his novelties as it treats everything new,—made all manner of objections, marshaled all the impediments,—but he smiled at their opposition, snapped his fingers at their objections, persisted in what he knew would some day be recognized, and died an honored and wealthy man.



DIFFICULTIES SHOULD NOT FRIGHTEN

The timid soul looks at a difficulty as if it were some devouring dragon. But difficulties are in our way merely to be overcome, and the victory gives us strength and skill and courage.

It is as Heine has said, "Everywhere that a great soul gives utterance to its thoughts, there also is a Golgotha."

There is scarcely a great truth or doctrine but has had to fight its way to public recognition in the face of detraction, opposition, persecution, and, often, martyrdom. And so almost every great discovery or invention that has blessed mankind has had to force its way to the front against the resistance of even progressive men.

When it was proposed to introduce steam power into the British navy, Sir Charles Napier opposed it, and in the House of Commons exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, when we enter Her Majesty's naval service and face the chances of war, we go prepared to be hacked to pieces, to be riddled by bullets, or to be blown to bits by shot and shell; but, Mr. Speaker, we do not go prepared to be boiled alive."

"Will anyone explain how there can be a light without a wick?" asked a member of Parliament, when William Murdock, toward the close of the eighteenth century, said that coal gas would give a good light, and could be conveyed into buildings with pipes. "Do you intend taking the dome of St. Paul's for a gasometer?" was the sneering question of even the great scientist, Humphry Davy. And Walter Scott ridiculed the idea of lighting London by "smoke;" but he soon used it at Abbotsford, and Davy achieved one of his greatest triumphs by experimenting with gas until he had invented his safety lamp. Thus, you see, it takes perseverance to make headway against this fixed attitude of mankind.

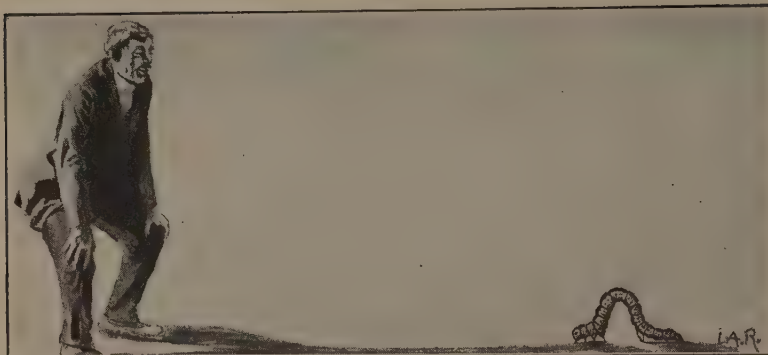
William H. Prescott, while at college, lost one eye by a hard piece of bread thrown during a "biscuit battle," then so common after meals; and, in sympathy, the other eye became almost use-

less. But the boy determined that he would not let his affliction and difficulty interfere with his usefulness in life. He determined to be a historian, and turned all his energies in that direction. Although he could use his eye but little, he could get the assistance of those who did have sight, and by this aid he studied for ten years before he even decided upon a particular theme for his first book. Then he spent ten years more, poring over old archives and manuscripts, before he published his "Ferdinand and Isabella." If one almost sightless can thus achieve, what may not those with all the aid of their full powers accomplish?

What a marvel of persistency do we see in the life of J. R. Green, author of "The History of the English People"! He wrote it while in a dying condition, wresting the time for it on the very borders of the grave. He had collected a vast store of materials, and had begun to write, when his disease made a sudden and startling progress, and his physicians said they could do nothing to arrest it. In the extremity of ruin and defeat, he applied himself with greater fidelity to his work. What time there was left to him for the work from that time on had to be wrenched, day after day, from the grasp of death. The writing occupied five months; while from hour to hour and day to day his life was prolonged by the sheer force of his determination and persistent desire to finish "The Making of England."

Too weak to lift a book or to hold a pen, he dictated every word, as he lay for hours in the intensest of suffering. Yet the work was not hurried or slighted, for so conscientious was he that, with death waiting any moment to take him away, he wrote the greater part of the book five times. When that was finally done, he began "The Conquest of England," and, when it was written, he reviewed it, but was dissatisfied with it. So he rejected it all, and began again. As he was about to die, he said: "I still have some work to do that I know is good. I will try to win but one more week in order to write it down." He did not give up until he was actually dying; then he said, "I can work no more."

"You can not keep a determined man from success. Place stumblingblocks in his way, and he takes them for stepping-stones, and on them will climb to greatness. Take away his money, and he makes spurs of his poverty to urge him on. . . . Lock him up in a dungeon, and he composes the immortal 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Put him in a cradle in a log cabin in the wilderness of America, and in a few years you will find him in the



DIFFICULTIES TAKE OUR MEASURE

The brave man looks at a difficulty and knows it for what it is—a means of taking his measure. Therefore measure your difficulty carefully and overcome it, or it will measure you as a failure.

Capitol, at the head of the greatest nation on the globe. Would it were possible to convince the struggling youth of to-day that all that is great and noble and true in the history of the world is the result of infinite painstaking, perpetual plodding, of common everyday industry!"

A constant, perpetual struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings, is the price of all great achievements. The man who has not fought to "make a living," and who does not bear the scars of life's conflict, does not know the highest, best meaning of success.

"Observe yon tree in your neighbor's garden. Look how it grows up, crooked and distorted. Some winds scattered the germ from which it sprung in the clefts of the rock. Choked up and walled round by crags and buildings, by nature and man, its life has been one struggle for the light. You see how it has writhed and twisted,—how, meeting the barrier in one spot, it has labored and worked, stem and branch, toward the clear skies at last.

"What has preserved it through each disfavor of birth and circumstances—why are its leaves as green and fair as those of the vine behind you, which, with all its arms, can embrace the open sunshine? Because of the very instinct that impelled the struggle,—because the labor for the light won to the light at length. So with a gallant heart, through every adverse accident of sorrow, and of fate, to turn to the sun, to strive for the heaven,—

this it is that gives knowledge to the strong and happiness to the weak."

Edward Everett once said: "There are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of enjoyment in a single moment. I can fancy the emotion of Galileo when, first raising the newly constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon. It was such another moment as that when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strassburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art; like that when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th of October, 1492, beheld the shores of San Salvador; like that when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton; like that when Franklin saw, by the stiffening fibers of the hemp cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp; like that when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found."

Similar moments came when Cyrus W. Field placed his hand upon the telegraph instrument ticking a message under the sea, a thrill in his heart greater than the thrill of the electric current in the cable; and when Thomas A. Edison demonstrated in Menlo Park, New Jersey, that the electric light had at last been developed into a commercial success.

Cyrus W. Field, in giving his account of the Atlantic telegraph, said: "It has been a long and hard struggle. Nearly thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil. Often has my heart been ready to sink. Many times, when wandering in the forests of Newfoundland in the pelting rain, or on the decks of ships on dark, stormy nights, alone, far from home, I have almost accused myself of madness and folly to sacrifice the peace of my family, and all the hopes of life, for what might prove, after all, but a dream. I have seen my companions, one after another, fall by my side, and feared I, too, might not live to see the end. And yet one hope has led me on; and I have prayed that I might not taste of death till this work was accomplished. That prayer is answered; and now, beyond all acknowledgments to men, is the feeling of gratitude to Almighty God."

Robert Bruce was driven one night to take shelter in a barn. He had met with another defeat, and his fortunes had run low. Twelve times he had gone down in failure before his foes. He was contemplating relinquishing hope of success. When he awoke

next morning, he saw a spider climbing a beam of the roof. Twelve times it failed; the thirteenth time it succeeded. Bruce arose, saying, "This spider has taught me perseverance. I will follow its example. Twelve times have I been beaten; the thirteenth I may succeed."

There is another Bruce, unknown to history, William George, who, at the age of seven, was stricken with hip disease, and for four years lay bedridden. Month after month he lay, his legs useless, the family too poor to afford a specialist. Again and again his life was despaired of.

His mother brought him his meals, fed him from a spoon when he could not feed himself, although she had a big family to care for and did all the cooking, washing, and mending herself. But even so, she found time to sit by William George's bed and read to him.

His mother was not educated, but she saw that, physically incapacitated as her boy had become, he would never be able to compete with the boys of his age in whatever required the use of his whole body. She wanted her boy educated so he could work in an office.

So she taught him the best she knew, first his letters, then to read simple words. His brothers and sisters attended school, and, of course, brought home books. When one of them had a good lesson, his mother would have it repeated to him. She would have them tell what the teacher said, and all that had occurred. And the boy, realizing his limited chance, took advantages as they came, and eagerly drank in all he could get.

Too poor to subscribe for a newspaper, the boy treasured those that happened to be brought into the house, some of them wrapped about parcels. With his dictionary he studied the papers, sometimes consuming a whole afternoon on a single item, calling his mother for aid only as a last resort.

After some years he grew well enough to work by using some home-made crutches his father contrived. And the father had to pay fifty dollars to get the boy a job as an apprentice for six months. By the end of that time he was the fastest worker with his fingers in the factory. Then he got six dollars a week, and saved out ten cents of it to subscribe for a newspaper, which he studied at all spare moments.

He got up at five, got the paper as it was delivered at his door, and pored over it until breakfast. The paper went with him to

the factory, where he read it at lunch hour. He studied it nights, Sundays, holidays, every chance he got. The newspaper became quite a joke at the factory.

"What's the use?" he complained one day to his mother. "I'm trying to learn, and I'm laughed at!"

"Don't mind 'em, son," his mother advised. "They'll always be plain factory workers. You must get into an office."

The tired mother, after she had worked all day for the family, spent late hours in the evening helping her boy who had not been able to get any schooling. In a year he could read very well. In another year he had progressed so far in arithmetic that he had gotten beyond his mother's ability to help.

Then for three months he attended evening classes in a business school. This was his first and last schooling under professional teachers. He made such progress and accomplished such wonders that the head instructor called the boy aside one evening after class and told him the *Milwaukee News* wanted a boy to work in the business office. He had recommended the boy because of his excellence in penmanship. The pay was to be six dollars a week. He was then earning fourteen dollars a week in the factory; but in joy for the new job, he did not think of the disparity in pay.

"It's less money," the mother said, "but it's your big chance. It's what I have been praying for."

"Anybody who quits a fourteen-dollar job for one at six is loony," the father declared in his disgust.

But the mother coaxed and argued, and finally had her way. The long story of his ceaseless struggles is illuminating, but there is not space here to tell it.

To-day William George Bruce is president of the Bruce Publishing Company, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, founded thirty-five years ago on a capital of six hundred dollars, and which is to-day the most widely known publishing house of its kind in the world. It publishes the *American School Board Journal*, the *Industrial Arts*, and *Hospital Progress*.

Though never an attendant of day schools and for only three months of a night school, Bruce is to-day the publisher of journals specializing in knowledge of school needs. His achievement stands as a flaming example of what can be accomplished by self-application, with the mind fixed constantly, persistently, upon one goal.

WHO?

*"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.*

*We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."*

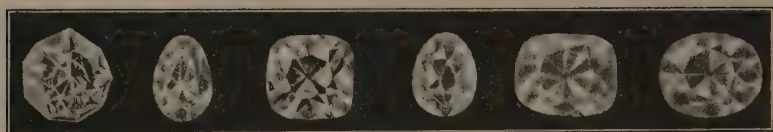
The Value of Loss

CARBON is one of the blackest things in the world. So far as color is concerned, it is also one of the most defiling. Its black will endure for ages. For example, as India ink or printer's ink, it will lie on the white page of the book unchanged for centuries. Yet that carbon changed in nature, though still carbon, becomes one of the most precious things we know. This change takes place through the action of two great factors, pressure and heat applied at the same time. While nature can apply both pressure and heat at the same instant, for man to do it is well-nigh impossible; for when he has the requisite amount of heat to bring about the change in the carbon, the means which the scientist employs for pressure relaxes its force through the undermining, melting power of the heat. Hence diamonds can not be made by man except upon a very small scale. But nature can build her Koh-i-noor, and her Regent, and her Florentine, and her Orloff.

When the diamond once has been made, it must receive some of the most skillful work, and lose greatly in its substance, in order to become really valuable, and fit for the diadem of royalty. For example, the Koh-i-noor diamond, which came from the Golconda district, by unskillful cutting by Hortensio Borgio, lost in weight from 793 carats down to 186. When, in 1851, a decision was made to recut this diamond, its weight was brought down to 106 carats; but even so reduced, its value increased. The recutting improved it from a lusterless mass, scarcely better than rock crystal, to a brilliant of great beauty and fire, whose value is estimated at seven hundred thousand dollars. It is now part of the crown jewels of England.

The Regent, or Pitt, Diamond, when it was found by a miner of Partear, Golconda, India, in 1702, weighed in the rough 410 carats. Its cutting and polishing cost six hundred thousand francs. This work was done by the most expert workmen in France, and took two years. When finished, it weighed 136 carats, losing, as you see, two thirds of its weight; but it is now valued at nine hundred thousand dollars.

Then there is the other instance of the Orloff diamond, which, in its rough state, weighed 779 carats, and by cutting, in order to bring out its beauty and brilliancy, was reduced to 195 carats; but it is now valued at five hundred thousand dollars.



LOSS THAT IS GAIN

The diamond may lose more than half its original size and weight before it is of real value as a diamond. It loses in being cut to bring out its brilliancy, and such loss is its gain. There's a parable in this fact. Left to right, the Florentine, green diamond, Regent or Pitt, Sancy, Star of the South, and Koh-i-noor.

It seems like a great waste of a valuable gem to destroy two thirds or three fourths of its substance in cutting it down to the finished gem; but if the cutting is well planned and deftly done, every stroke increases the value of the crystal, because it can change it from a lusterless stone to a sparkling crystal that can send forth the most brilliant, solid shafts of light that anything on earth can reflect. Mere size in a diamond can not alone give value. It is the size and brilliancy; and brilliancy can not exist in the rough, but must be brought out by cutting and polishing. So while the stone loses much of its own uninteresting self, losing dullness to gain brightness, it becomes more valuable, because after cutting and polishing it can receive and reflect the light as nothing else can, and as even itself could not do otherwise. So it is the cutting and the polishing that really make it the valuable stone. And the light that it reflects is not its own light; it now has an inherent ability to reflect the light and to shoot it forth. This capacity to send forth the light falling upon it is what gives it its great value.

So is it with man, for this is a parable. Of himself, man is but dull, an uninteresting mass of selfishness; but if the work upon him is wisely planned and skillfully done,—if, in fact, he is under the tutelage of the greatest Teacher of the universe,—he comes to the place where he reflects the light of heaven. It is not his light, but the ability to reflect that light and send it forth lies within that nature which, through God, he has acquired. He becomes a partaker of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption of the world through lust. (2 Peter 1:4.)

The nature of the diamond comes to it under heat and pressure in nature's crucible; and man must receive the divine capacity to reflect light by furnace fires of trial and the pressure

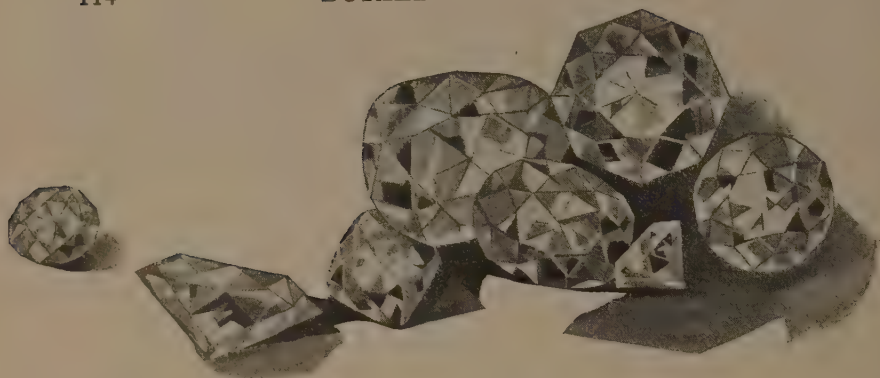
of deep affliction. And it is by the same process that the cutting and polishing are done.

A diamond, to become valuable, must lose in size, must lose in roughness, and must take the shape best adapted for it, as determined by its original condition. Much depends, in this, upon the designer and the cutter. In the case of man, however, an unerring God takes him under His direction. With an absolutely accurate eye, He not only sees all that is in man, but all that may be developed or brought out through that which God shall work in; and thus He can make a man more precious than gold or gems.

This ability to see what lies in man, and to produce it in his life may be illustrated by a block of marble. There, perhaps, the rough block lies upon a hillside. It is ugly thus, and uninteresting. But it is blasted out of the quarry, and brought into the shop of the sculptor. He looks upon it to mark its possibilities. No one else can see in it anything more than a great, rough mass of stone; but as he gazes upon and contemplates its form and possibilities, it stirs his imagination. He first becomes interested, then filled with wonder. Almost reverently he at last prepares for the task. He has not touched it as yet, or at best only rudely blocked out its outlines, but, looking at it with the eye of a master artist, he sees the angel within the stone. Then as that angel, under the strokes of his chisel, begins to take form, even the common bystander begins to become interested, loses his disesteem, and begins to realize the possibility of the great block of stone that came in the rough from the hillside. He sees that the marble can reveal the angel under the artist's strokes.

So it is with man, for this, too, is a parable. God looks out upon His creatures; He sees what we are; but, oh, infinitely more, He sees what we may be; and when we have yielded to Him, He begins to bring out these qualities and powers. After being subject for a time to the molding hands of God that shape us, even we begin to see that there is a great purpose taking place in our lives. More than ever before, we begin to respect that purpose and to coöperate and labor, that the great Master Hand may be unhindered in shaping His grand and benevolent design.

True enough, He will cut away and rub and polish until every rough corner is gone, and every feature assumes its beautiful line in the perfect plan. But what shall we care for this seeming loss? We know that the cuts of the chisel — this light affliction which is but for a moment — work for us, yes, are our workmen, our serv-



ants laboring in our behalf, and that for our very highest good. (2 Corinthians 4:17.)

The time spent in cutting away the substance of the diamond was not lost. There is some material gone, but the loss of it is highest gain. So it is with man; for even here the parable holds true. Man loses self, that he may receive Christ. He loses in dullness, that he may gain in brightness. What is cut away but removes the hindrance of his reflecting power; and now he may transmit and send forth heaven's brilliancy.

There is no time lost with God. Moses in the wilderness for forty years seemed to be marking time; but he was not. For Moses to remain inactive in the desert for forty years, a man with so great talent, seemed like immeasurable loss. The world would have said, if it had been asked counsel, that this was a great waste of time; but it was not. Some of the most valuable time spent by Moses in all his long career was that time he lived with his father-in-law. He went there a failure, realized as such by himself, and taunted as such by his fellows. There in the midst of the mountains and the plains, he was cut and shaped and polished by the Master Workman, until he perfectly reflected the light of the character of God. And when he came forth, he was invincible. His very face shone with the light of that divine character. He was by now a good reflector. And only once in all that trying, terrible forty years with the rebellious people did he fail. And through his wilderness experience he had become the meekest man that ever lived. Was it time lost? No, no more lost than the time spent in making a dull mass of crystal shine with the beauty of a Golconda diamond.

But there is one great difference between man and the diamond, between man and the marble. For man is not like these, a dead, unyielding mass, an inert material. He can, if he will, work against the will of his Maker; but we are admonished to let the Genius of the heavens have His way with us. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God who worketh in you."

Man may be a prince to rule with Christ, or he may become the most despicable of characters. To become the first, he has but to yield to the plan and design of God; to be the second, he need only persist in his own imperfect and rebellious way.

And it is good for us that God sees more than we are at present. By seeing what we may be, He finally causes us to grasp some little inkling of His grand design, and our hearts kindle with that inspiration which He thus breathes into our souls. With greater courage and a new zeal we anew yield to Him and coöperate with Him.

In the eyes of his companions, John Newton is a drunken, swearing, slave-driving sailor; but God sees in him the redeemed, remade messenger of love and mercy. He who once used his lips to profane his Maker becomes the mouthpiece of God to preach the good news of the gospel of the Son of God. He whose mind framed blasphemies at last becomes the author of inspiring hymns of praise.

The people of Elstow see no more than a tinker living a loose, irregular life in John Bunyan. But God sees the dreamer of the pilgrim journey from the City of Destruction to the Land of Beulah.

The Jews and the Christians alike see in Saul of Tarsus only the zealous Pharisee of the Pharisees, to the Jews a mighty advocate, to the Christians the cruel persecutor; but God sees the great apostle of the early church, the writer of half the New Testament, the messenger to the Gentiles, the martyr to the cause of truth. This view of his possibilities comes to him on the way to Damascus; and immediately he is not disobedient to the heavenly vision. With not one flagging step, from that time forward he presses on to "the mark" "of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Edward C. Delavan was going on the down road to ruin. One night, as he was on his way to join his usual evil companions,

there came to him with irresistible force, "If I continue to visit that house, I will be ruined." The next night the thought came with greater power than ever. He paused on the opposite side of the street from which the house stood. He thought, "If I cross that street, I am ruined." And then, as he stood, he cried aloud, "Right about face!" Then he went home, and slept soundly. The crisis of his life was past. He prospered in business. He lived to buy the block in which the house had stood. He tore all down, and built dwellings and stores. And from his business desk in his office he could look down to the spot where he had cried, "Right about face!" Of fifty of his companions from whom that fatal night he had separated, forty-four had gone to destruction. One promising youth, heir to great wealth, brushed boots at three cents a pair to get a glass of rum. One in a state of intoxication fell head foremost from the pier at Havre, France, and stuck in the mud. The receding tide revealed his sad and dishonored remains. Delaven followed the good plan and purpose of God, and came to a far different position.

As Precious as Diamonds

YOU say, "Diamonds are not made; they are found in the earth." And I agree that diamonds are found in the earth, and yet it is true that they must, after all, be made into real diamonds or gems by the cutting and the polishing they get afterwards. They would be of no value in the raw but for the fact that they can be made into things of beauty.

And in the cutting and polishing they lose in size and weight, while they gain in value. For example, the most valuable diamond from the Brazilian mines was the Southern Star, found in 1854, which weighed 254 carats in the rough, and only 124 carats after cutting.

And it is true that the cutting and polishing does not really make the diamond, for if it did, any stone could be turned into one. No, it must be a diamond to begin with, and then the grinding it is subjected to in the hands of a master workman brings out the real nature and glory that is there intrinsically.

And so in the world of character, the grinding and polishing by affliction and trial can not make a man something different from what he is; neither can culture and education alone make a man over. To educate a rogue is to make him a more dangerous rogue and to add power and skill to his roguery.

The truth declared by Christ to Nicodemus of old is true still that a man "must be born again." Once he has the right nature within, then all the experiences of life will but draw out and reveal that glorious life. If one should cultivate a brier, it would still be a brier, and a larger one than ever. But there is a way of glorifying even a brier.

An ugly, thorny brier grew in a ditch. It tore and scratched everything that touched it. It was one of the reminders of the curse of sin that mars the otherwise beautiful earth.

"Ah, me," sighed the brier, "I can't think what I was made for. I have no beauty and no worth. If I were only a bunch of violets on the bank there, I might thus gladden some heart. But a brier! If I were only of as much use as the corn on the other side of the hedge, I could help to feed the hungry world. But what can a brier do? Or if I were only an oak, to give cooling shade, to reach out my branches far and wide, while my leaves made music with the breeze, and the happy birds could hide and rest, mate and nest, in my sheltering foliage. But I am only a brier!"

But the brier is not the only thing in the world to sigh for the things that by nature it can not do.

And then the gardener from the rich man's estate came by one day, carefully searching the ditch and both sides of the bank. And he passed by the sweet violets looking up with bright eyes into the sky, and he gave the big oak not so much as a passing glance. But when he saw the brier, he waved a spade and cried out, "Good!" He made short work of digging up the brier, for the ground was soft and damp, and soon he had it planted in the beautiful garden of the rich man's park. The brier felt ashamed to be in such a magnificent place, and was embarrassed to have its ugliness thus put in such sharp contrast with all the glory about it.

"If that gardener had only known what I am, he wouldn't have been so foolish as to bring me here. He can never get any good out of me. I can tell him that."

And then, as if he knew what the brier had been thinking, the gardener laughed.

"If I can't get any good out of thee, maybe I can put some good into thee," he said, and then he went away.

The brier was sad, for its beautiful surroundings only made it realize more and more what an unsightly and rough thing it was. The flowers all about it were so brilliant and fragrant and tender in their surpassing beauty that the brier was lonesome, and wished itself back in the old ditch once more where no one could see it or note its ugliness.

And then one day the gardener came. He cut a slit in the bark of the brier, he put in a bud, and he fastened it there. In due time the bud grew and put out a stem and grew and grew, and the more it grew, the more the gardener cut away the old thorny growth of the brier, until all the old brier top was gone. And then the new growth began to bud and blossom. Oh, what a beauty flamed above the old brier root, and how the old brier roots hunted around in the soil to send up food to keep the new growth going! Soon many came from miles around to see the new rose growing where once was a poor rough brier. And they admired the wonderful color and the marvelous fragrance. And all praised the gardener that *he* could do so much with a brier. And nobody praised the brier. For they all knew that the rose was something put into and upon the brier by the gardener. But the brier was so glad to have gotten rid of its old self that it was content to have its roots beautified by the rose, and it was grateful to the gardener,

and unmindful of the praise all showered upon him for the miracle he had wrought.

And I am sure that all this is a parable. For I read in a dear old Book my mother taught me to love, a wonderful truth, that God, the Gardener, can do something like that with human briers.

Nothing good or beautiful can by nature come out of these human briers, for they have to live true to their nature,—conform to type, as scientists say,—but there is a Husbandman who knows how to prune out the wild nature and graft in the tame. It is all a very wonderful mystery; but the Husbandman understands it thoroughly if no one else fully does. But, sad to say, sometimes there are those who praise the human briers for the great change that has come to them, when it is not their work at all, but the Gardener's; and so I think that only the Gardener should be praised, for the glory He has brought to the human briers is enough for them, without their taking glory due to the Husbandman.

The raven feeds on loathsome food. Can we, by cultivation of its nature and by training and education, make it a dove of peace to coo and become a pet? The vulture and the buzzard soar aloft and see all the beauty of the landscape. They see the fields and the hills and the flowers and the fruit. But none of these have interest and attraction for them. They use their high place, their great soaring wings, and their sharp, far-seeing eyes to discover some vile, dead carcass. And once found, there they hie to perch and tear and devour the loathsome carrion, and all the training and culture and education in the world can not change their natures a bit.

It doesn't help the wolf a particle to put him in sheep's clothing, save to make him more dangerous and destructive than ever. No, the Ethiopian can not change his skin and the leopard can not wash out his spots. And so you and I can not get rid of sins and sinning while the old nature is within to continue and persist in the old life of enmity against goodness and God. But He gives us power and right and authority to become a new creation, to become the sons of God.

All about us are the whisperings of the hope of glorious transformations. Take, for example, the iron ore from the mountain. We find it loose, friable, worthless in its nature as it is. The iron is united with oxygen in the ore, and the bond is a strong one. We put it in the furnace, but heat alone will hardly break the union

between the iron and the oxygen; however, that bond must be broken if we are to get a strong, tough, reliable metal out of that rotten stone, as it were.

But if that heat of the furnace alone will not tear the oxygen and the iron apart, there is a way to coax the oxygen to leave the iron. You know how it is with human attractions; we will sometimes leave one person in order to go with another. And so the iron ore is broken in pieces and mixed with charcoal, before it is put in the furnace. Oxygen loves the carbon of the charcoal much more than it cares for the iron; indeed, the bond between the oxygen and the carbon is one of the very strongest in nature, so much so, that it is immeasurable according to human standards.

And so as the furnace is heated and the carbon and the oxygen tend to unite, the only oxygen near by is that in the iron; promptly it leaves the iron and rushes to combine with the carbon, and in the intense heat the iron runs in liquid streams, to be cast into a thousand useful forms. And the carbon and oxygen, now carbon dioxide gas, floats away, to be lost in the air or be stored for other uses as the case may be.

But cast iron, useful as it is, infinitely more so than the brittle ore, is not the highest nature to which iron can be brought. By burning out the impurities of the iron and by pounding and stirring, we may have a higher product called wrought iron. With it many things can be accomplished that can not be with the cast iron.

But it is possible to bring the iron to a still finer condition and a higher state. The cast iron is melted in a furnace, and run into egg-shaped vessels called converters. Blasts of air are driven up through the molten iron, and the carbon and silicon burned out of it. Then a sufficient amount of pure molten cast iron is added, to convert the whole into steel. And by different methods of handling the steel we may have different grades of this wonderful metal.

And thus lifted in nature, the iron turned into steel becomes, perhaps, a highway for the commerce of nations, carrying the mighty locomotive also of iron and steel, over the mountains and under them. The metal becomes the bones, the muscles, the body, for the inspiring spirit—the steam. The ennobled metal holds up the seemingly fragile bridge over the yawning chasm. It serves obediently in human hands as hammer, and blade, and bar, and spring; and in the deft fingers of the surgeon can enter by a hair-

breadth between the life and death of human bodies, taking away disease and leaving life unimpeded. But oh, what labor has been put upon that surgeon's knife or scalpel, and, first of all, upon the metal in it, to bring it to this high estate and nature where it can thus be trusted!

And is not the lesson plain? He who would be of use, most use in the Master's hands, must be willing to bear the furnace fire and the hammering and the stirring and the purifying and the tempering and the fashioning until, in nature and purpose, he is lifted to that trustworthy place, made mete for the skillful use and noblest ends.

And some of the iron, on account of its masterful love for oxygen, may be transfigured to become parts of the life current of human blood, and thus have reached the highest possible nature in this world of wonders.

And is this miracle of the change that has been wrought in iron not without its gendered hopes in us? Since the fragile, crumbly iron ore can be lifted to so high a quality, is it not possible that the human ore may also stand the furnace fires and the refining labors of the Master Workman, to be lifted to the highest possibility, and be fashioned to fit God's hands as tools or instruments? Shall they not thus thrill with His creative processes? And shall they not lie as submissive in God's hands as the steel lies in ours?

Let us borrow an illustration from Ruskin. Consider the slime of mud of a damp, oft-trodden path on the outskirts of some city. There is hardly anything more vile and dirty. The slime we shall find composed of clay, perhaps, in the form of pulverized brick, a little sand and water mixed with soot. In this condition in which we find them, none of the elements is able to act according to the highest design of its being. All are at helpless war with one another, and destroy reciprocally one another's nature and power, competing with one another and fighting for place at every tread of your foot. The sand squeezes out the clay, and the clay squeezes out the water, and the soot meddles everywhere and defiles the whole. Let this mud be left in perfect rest, and under the creative process let its elements gather together, like to like, so that their atoms may get into the closest relation possible.

The power begins with the clay. The great forces of crystallization begin to thrill its being with new and strange inspiration. It is cleansed of all foreign substance, and gradually made into a white earth, already very beautiful and fit, with congealing fire,

to be made into the finest porcelain, to be painted on, and to be kept in queen's palaces. But this is not its highest beauty. Still quivering with the creative forces that move it with the instinct of unity, it grows, not only white, but clear; not only clear, but hard; not only clear and hard, but so set that it can deal with light in a wonderful way, and gather out of it the loveliest blue rays, refusing the rest. The defiling clay has become the beautiful sapphire.

And watch the sand. It, too, becomes, first, a white earth; then it grows clear and hard; and at last is built in mysterious, infinitely fine parallel lines, which have the power of reflecting, not merely the blue rays, but the blue, green, purple, and red rays, in the greatest beauty in which they can be seen through any hard material whatsoever. True to the highest forces possible to its being, it has become the magnificent opal.

Next the work begins in the soot. At first it is wondrous black, and time and mighty forces are required to make it white. At first it loses only a little of its blackness, and becomes considerably harder and much more valuable, and is called graphite. But this is not the limit of its refinement. As the work goes on, it loses all its blackness, comes out perfectly clear, and the hardest thing in the world. And it is not only beautifully white and wonderfully hard, but, in giving up its old nature, it has obtained in exchange the power of reflecting all of the rays of the sun at once "in the vividest blaze that any solid thing can shoot." It is now the sparkling diamond.

We see how the water is purified and unified, and by one of the most marvelous forces in the universe is rolled into a dewdrop. Higher forces take hold of it, and it is crystallized into the shape of a star.

And now for our mud and slime, we have a beautiful blue sapphire, a fire opal, a pure white diamond, set in the midst of a six-pointed star of snow. If the laws of the footpath operate, with its conflict and lack of unity, we can have but mud and slime; but, acted upon by the higher creative forces, the elements of the path are transformed into the most precious and beautiful things of the inanimate world.

And is this high goal only for the clay and soot and sand, and for no other? Is there in the power that builds diamonds and gems out of the muck of the earth a facility great enough to change defiled sinful clay into gems fit for the coronet of the

King? We are not left to guess the answer. "They shall be Mine in that day when I make up My jewels." So says the Lord of hosts. Yea, they shall be as the precious stones of a crown, glittering upon high over His land.

And it is the glory of these precious gems to reflect the light that falls upon them. They do not shine by their own light. But they have an inner nature or quality to deal with the light and flash it back in gleams of beauty. And each stone has its own peculiarities, its own individuality, in the color and the manner of the light it thus emits.

Anciently all Israel was represented by precious stones in the dress of the high priest, and as he carried these into the most holy place, the light of the glory of God from the Shekinah, that light which never was on sea or land, shone upon the stones of the breastplate, making them radiant in God's glory, and symbolizing the favor of God which rested on those whose names the brilliant stones bore.

And that reflected light was a parable of that light or character of God which we in our lives may even here show forth, and which in the ages to come we may more fully reflect, through the mercy of Him who has risen upon us. For the day will come when the righteous shall shine as the stars forever, and as the sun most gloriously in the kingdom of their Father.

And this shall be a transformation beside which the jewels and brilliants of earth shall be as nothing. And the beginning of that wonderful change is in this life in the refining influences and forces of the grace of the Son of God. Man will yet be honored and glorified to the highest place of dominion. Not the man of blood, not the man of self, the man of self-advancement. No, not the ambitious conqueror or the ruthless contestant; for such men even now make this world run red with blood.

The man who will finally rule in the kingdom, must first learn to become truly a king. He is to be lifted up by the highest forces of the universe,—the forces of faith, of love, of unmerited divine favor through the law of Christ; even as the iron ore, the clay, the sand, the soot, the water, by natural processes are refined and recapacitated.

The kingdom will not be fitted for the king until the king has been prepared for his kingdom. And then the prepared man shall have a prepared place.

And now the light of the knowledge of the glory of God falls upon us as through a dimming veil. It comes as through a glass darkly. We behold as in a mirror the image of the Lord, reflected from His word, in the works of creation, and in His dealings with His creatures; but then we shall see Him as He is. We shall see Him face to face. We shall fully reflect His character.

And that shall be glory indeed.

The Glory of Sacrifice

THE eternal law of the universe is the law of helpfulness. Nothing shuts one away from his fellows more certainly and quickly than for his fellows to see that he is seeking to use them solely for his own personal advancement and benefit. And the way to attract friends is to be friendly, helpful. The secret of greatness is the secret of sacrificing, of giving unselfish service.

Giving, not getting, is the highest law, and, strange as it may seem, it gets. Not stasis or stagnation, but a ceaseless flow, is the law of nature and the law of the universe. And this is why selfishness is unprofitable—closing the inflow when the outflow ceases.

Even in the regions of the Far North, where the ice seeks to bind the waters of the rivers and hold them prisoners, where great accumulations of ice congeal and there are no flowing streams; even here there is obedience to the eternal law of taking but to give again; for, though the cold slows up the flow, it does not stop it. The Mer de Glace has the greatest velocity of all glaciers in the Alps, its maximum amounting to thirty-five and one-half inches a day. The greatest velocity of the Aletsch, the largest glacier of the Alps, is twenty inches a day. For other Alpine glaciers we find various velocities, down to an inch or two a day. Yet they all move, move perceptibly. Of larger glaciers, the Muir, in Alaska, has a velocity of about seven feet near where it reaches tidewater; and one of the larger streams of Greenland, the Upernivik, was found to have a velocity of ninety-nine feet a day at one point near its end.

Everywhere throughout nature it is the same. The sun does not shine for a favored few; the great pines on the mountain side wave their branches, seeming to cry, "Thou art my sun." And the humble violet lifts its tiny blue cup, to whisper with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun." And the golden grain, waving in the summer breeze, nodding and tossing on thousands of harvest fields, answers in turn, "Thou art my sun." The sun shines for all these; and all these, receiving from the sun, in turn give back to the earth some rich treasury of good in gratitude for what the sun has done. Thus the circle of energy and life is rounded out into a circuit of coöperation and helpfulness. And that is why a life of sacrifice is a life of wealth and happiness—the individual has put himself into the circuit where flow the tides of the Creator's beneficence; though the man gives, there constantly flows in to

fill more than is given out. And he who tries to hold all for himself becomes inevitably but a stagnant pool.

If the solitary grain, as of corn or wheat, does not fall into the earth to die and germinate, it abides alone, a single kernel, until it loses the power of germinating life; but if at the appropriate time it falls into the ground as a seed to germinate and grow, then it shall bear its harvest of fruitage, some forty, some sixty, some a hundredfold. The rustling of the corn stalks, the murmur of the fields of grain, the golden heads at harvest time,—this is the gain that comes from the death and loss of the individual seeds that have perished under the soil.

Far up on the mountain side lies a block of granite. It says in its self-satisfaction, "How happy I am! How peaceful my lot! Here I rest, above the winds of the valley, above the trees, almost above the flight of birds! Here I abide, age after age, nothing to disturb me."

Yes, it is even so; but it abides alone. It is but a bare block of granite jutting out of the cliff, and its happiness is the happiness of self-isolation, of solitude and death.

But by and by comes the quarry man. With strong repeated strokes, he drills a hole in its top, the explosive is poured in, the fuse is set, and with a blast that shakes the mountain side and makes the far-off hills reëcho the roaring sound, the block is blown asunder and goes crashing down into the valley. Then the saws cut and fashion it. Afterwards it is borne to the city. Finally, chiseled and shaped and polished,—made into a thing of beauty,—by block and tackle it is hoisted, with glad rejoicings, high in air, to be the capstone of some monument of a country's glory. Once it rested alone, unshapen, and the symbol of idle uselessness; now it forms, through the magic touch of artist and architect, a grand part in that grander symbol of service—a memorial of great lives and mighty principles, the result of its own sacrifice and dedication to usefulness.

A great oak tree stands solitary, bitterly handled by the frosts of two hundred winters, wrestled with by mighty and ambitious winds, each of these determined upon the tree's downfall. But the oak holds fast by mighty roots in soil and rock, and grows on alone in its solitary greatness. In imagination we hear it complain:

"What avails all this sturdiness? Why do I stand here useless? With my roots anchored in the rifts of the rocks, no herds lie under my shadow. I am above the singing birds with my

topmost branches. I am set as a mark for storms that bend and tear me. My fruit is serviceable for no appetite. It had been better for me to have been a mushroom, gathered in the morning for some man's table, than to be a two-hundred-year oak, good for nothing."

And this because the oak abides alone. And yet even so it has served, for it has taken carbonic acid gas from the air breathed out by the animal kingdom, and given out the vitalizing oxygen for man and beast. Yet it has not reached its highest possible usefulness.

And now wait, for the ax is hewing at its base; it bites into the bark and tears out the hard, solid wood, and the giant oak falls prostrate; what had taken two hundred years for the Creator to build, is humbled by man in a few minutes, as it were. And thus the oak died in sadness, saying as it fell, "Weary ages have I lived for nothing."

But the ax does not cease its work. By and by, trunk and root of the oak form the knees of a stately ship bearing the country's flag around the world. Other parts of the oak form keel and ribs of merchantmen, and, having defied the mountain storms, they now equally resist the thunder of the waves and the murky threat of the scowling hurricanes.

Other parts of the oak were laid into floors and wainscoting of a palace, and into frames of noble pictures, and carved and built into pieces of rich, beautiful articles of furniture. Thus the tree in dying came into its greatest usefulness in its service for man. It did by its death what it could not do by its life. When it gave up its own life, it came into closer relation to other lives, and supplied their greater need—gave its strength of fibers, its convenient shape, its hardness, and inherent beauty, to enrich many lives.

And so some of this human mourning over losses is as pitiful and as unreasonable as it would be for the mother bird to mourn and lament over the breaking and ruining of the beautiful eggshells when the baby birds break through into the world. There are joys and truths for humanity which can be born only by the breaking of some earthly eggshells; yet we cling to the mere shells, and mourn over them, telling how beautiful and useful they once have been, while we overlook what has been born into a grand freedom and life and glory; and these could be only by the breaking of those earthly eggshells.

First things must come first. At a social gathering, in a college town, at ten o'clock, a young man arose to go. An admiring group of girls were fluttering about him at the moment. But resolutely he was about to go. He had not partaken of the delicious refreshments that were served; for the young man was an athlete, obliged to live under a strict system of training,—the plainest of food for him, and the rest of early hours.

Some one offered him sympathy, sorry that he must live so close and narrow a life. But he declined the sympathy.

"It is nothing," he said, "compared to winning a championship when field day comes, and the grandstand is full, and people applaud, and the fellows carry you off on their shoulders, and the newspaper men surround you, and the faculty are proud of you. All that, I tell you, is worth giving up much to get. And so when, as to-night, I can't eat what the rest of you do, and stay here with the fun as late as the rest, I just think of field day, and that makes it easy. First things, you know, must come first."

"Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible." And we, too, have our field day to look forward to—a crowning day it will be, and the crown will not be of fading laurel leaves, but an eternal, jeweled, golden coronet. We will not gain a championship, but we will obtain the grandest companionship, the select of all the ages, and all the divine that are there now. It is much to look forward to; and all of it is worth our giving up much for. First things must come first.

"How much ease and pleasure you give up for your art!" said a friend to a young woman musician; "are you sorry?"

"No, of course not; because I love my art more than I do these poorer, lesser things. Let the lower give way for the higher. First things must come first."

One time, when I lived in Illinois, I noticed a caterpillar that seemed all excitement and hurry. It ran along the leaf and the stem of the shrub it was on, and would not rest anywhere. It seemed to be looking for something or some place. I took it off the shrub, suspicioning what was the matter, and put it in a box with a piece of cardboard in a corner under which it could hide. It was satisfied, for it had felt the changes that were to take place within it hastening to their work; and if it did not yield at the critical moment, the changes beginning within it would be its death.

And now in a safe retreat it suspended itself. It took a motionless attitude, submitting itself utterly to the great laws of its

being; and the shape it took, which must be just so, seemed to me most strangely like the posture of prayer, if a worm can be said to take such a posture. And there, thus yielded, it gave up its existence as a woolly, ignoble worm. Slowly but perceptibly, under the skin and without, a chrysalis grew and fastened it for a season as in a prison. One could see through the translucent skin to behold the new creature forming underneath. And thus it grew for a time.

Then, one morning, the prison was broken open, the chrysalis burst; where was once the ugly worm was now the beautiful, noble, glorious butterfly. The worm lost its ugliness and its low, crawling way as a worm, to gain the beauty and freedom and swiftness of a winged creature, delicate in its marvelous beauty. It lost to gain; it gave up to get.

I have heard of a man who fell down the side of a bank, and all that kept him from death below on the rocks was the bush that he clutched with his hands and that just barely could hold its roots in the rocky soil under his weight. He dare not struggle to get up for fear of tearing the bush loose; he could only hang on, and cry for help.

Then when help came in the form of a rope let down from above, he was glad to let go the bush to clutch the rope, and be drawn to safety. He gave up his hold on the bush to take hold of the rope. He lost danger to find safety. He left the verge of death to enter the wide places of life.

There are numerous plants, like the mullein, beet, carrot, radish, onion, parsnip, salsify, and others, that ordinarily require two years to fulfill the complete cycle of their existence. During the first year all the energies of the plant are concentrated upon the work of storing a large supply of food in the large fleshy root or bulb. And this root part of the plant seems so selfish and greedy that first year, taking all that it can get and giving as little as it can. Yet it is not greedy on its own behalf, as we shall presently understand.

The plant lives that first summer seemingly for the one work of putting as much away underground in its root as it can store. Day by day the accumulation goes on, and in the fall the root is large and fat and juicy, if all things have been favorable.

And while all this work is being done for the root the first summer, one might conceive of the leaves and the plant above



LESSONS IN WEEDS

Perhaps you did not know that weeds are good for many things. For one thing, they can teach us great lessons. In the chapter, "The Glory of Sacrifice," the mullein serves to point a parable.

ground having quite a time of discontent; one might imagine them scolding and complaining about their laborious and unsatisfied endeavors.

"I think that old root down there," one might imagine the leaves to be saying, "is an awful greedy, selfish thing. It takes away from me every bit of carbon I can find around here in the air. No matter how much of carbon I manage to strain out of the atmosphere and hand down cellar to that root, it takes it with not even so much as a 'thank you,' and I never see that carbon again. Sometimes I've a great notion to hang on to what I get, because if you don't look out for yourself, who in the world will? I'm getting frightfully tired of doing nothing but help others. I think I'd like to lay off this coöperation business for a while and look out for a time for number one. As it is, I am simply wearing myself out and ageing fast. Once I was fresh and green, but now look at me—all shriveling up! And that root down cellar is getting fatter and fatter, and more inflated all the time. Where do I come in on this, I'd like to know?"

Such a spirit of rebellion on the part of the plants would soon work the tragedy and trouble in the vegetable world that has become so common with humanity. But nothing of this willfulness exists among the plant parts; we have merely given our imagination a little play to show what the selfishness common among men would do if it ruled the plant world.

No, each part of the plant performs its part faithfully and helpfully, aiding all the rest. For, as we have seen, the leaves labor on while the sun shines, gathering supplies while the summer lasts; for soon comes winter when leaves can not work. And by the end of the growing season, the root must be big and full, ready so that when the first warmth of another spring arrives it can do a great work in a short time.

Thus it is that the root receives and stores during the first summer of the plant's life, that it may give it all out again during the second summer. The store the root received was not for its own miserly benefit, but was gathered for a coming need. And then, in the second summer of its life, the root gives to stalk and leaf its precious store of food for the full and final and speedy development of the plant. And thus its work is not marred by selfish longings, miserly desires to keep what it has, but it now gives as freely to leaf and stem as before leaf and stem gave to it.

But what was the purpose of this supply stored up in the root the first year? Why did the plant, the first summer, spend all its time and energies to make a big, fat root? It was that during the second season the plant might draw upon this supply, and concentrate upon the work of growing a seed stalk and a rich supply of seeds. And these seeds being in turn nutlike stores of food, once germinated, furnish the supplies for the new young plants that spring from them until they can care for themselves. Thus there are in the different parts of the plant constant reminders of something to be later given up. It is the lesson of mutual, unselfish, helpful coöperation.

Look at the mulleins anywhere by the wayside. Some of the plants are but a bunch of leaves close to the ground; the others have a tall stalk with a spike of yellow flowers which by midsummer ripen into pods packed close and full of tiny, wonderful seeds. In the fall, if you pull up the short, low plant, you will find a fleshy root ready for the work of building seed stalk and seeds the coming summer. Whereas, if you pull up the tall stalk with its spike of seedy pods, you will find a thin, shriveled, starved root. It has died away to make possible the seed-crowned stalk.

And this life cycle of the mullein is an example to us of the coöperation existent in the world which God has made. It is a type, an example, an instance, of the Creator's universal law of self-renouncing generosity. And, too, it shows how He provides in the present for future demands. As you look at the fleshy root in the fall, ready to part with its substance in the spring, the old mullein plant is a parable.

"He will provide," it is saying; "don't you see that He will? He did it for me, He is doing it for the coming seeds; how much more shall He do it for you, O ones of little faith!"

And when we look at the thin, exhausted root, the root that has given up so much that future plants might live, the root that gave up its fatness to build the seeds that will scatter far and wide, some of them to grow, some of them to feed the birds; in this, too, the mullein is reading us a lesson.

"Unselfish coöperation," it is saying, "is the law of life for plant and animal. I lived once, but I lived to give; and I died in order also to give, died to give more fully than my life could give. Even the Creator gives, gives to all freely, gives continually, and also died that He might give more fully.

"And when I was through giving to others, I was left a poor, sickly, shriveled, wasted root. But my glory endures above there in those full-formed seeds. Put them under the microscope, and you will find them as beautiful as the gems of a king, each one of them a work of art. And every one of them carries the magic power of starting another mullein plant, each with its own anchoring root. Though dead myself, I am duplicated and multiplied a thousandfold. Be grateful if you can leave as much of usefulness and permanency behind you when you are gone."

And the man, heedful of the lesson of the mullein plant, remembers that if he gives his all fully and freely, he will not be left at the last wasted, shriveled, done for—except mayhap for a little time. No, the future for him is brighter with promise than for all the mullein plants that ever grew in this whole world. Whatever there be of a short time of giving here, there shall be an immortality of getting over there. If poverty here, then riches there.

And this is something of that whisper coming to us from the world about us that the eternal law of the universe is the law of coöperation, of unselfishness, the law of self-renouncing love—the glory of sacrifice.

WHAT?

*"Oh, it is great, and there is no
other greatness,—to make some
nook of God's creation more
fruitful, better, more worthy of
God, to make some human
heart a little wiser, manlier,
happier,—more blessed,
less accursed."*

A Wealth of Possibilities Here

MAN is a treasury of possibilities. One who had been betrayed by his friends, and who was waiting for the unjust sentence of his death, cried out in sorrow and amazement, "What is man?" Man has in him the making of a demon or a son of God. There are influences in the world, and as he gives himself to them, good or bad, so is he made for time and for eternity.

In a museum lies a brick from the walls of ancient Babylon. On it you will see the imprint of one of Babylon's kings, and right over the center of the royal cipher is imprinted the footprint of one of the pariah dogs. Lying in the soft, plastic state, the dog trod on the king's image, leaving it still visible, but defaced, and well-nigh illegible, almost obliterated. So many may have the mark of the beast obscuring the image of God.

Travelers to the islands of the South Seas reported—if they came back—that the natives were fierce cannibals, bearing the brand of savagery even upon their faces. But Calvert and Paton went there and proved that this savage countenance was only a palimpsest scrawled by the devil over a manuscript delineated by the divine Finger.

Behind the dull, impassive face of a Chinaman, Pollard and Dymond saw, by the anointing of the Holy Spirit, souls capable of infinite possibilities of Godlike nobility. As the sculptor sees the angel in the shapeless block of marble, so these men of faith saw the wonders of God's image in crude human flesh. If a new race of savages were discovered to-day, missionaries would start for their uplift to-morrow.

And it is wonderful what a word or an act of kindness will do for those bound down in oppression and sin.

A ragged man, broken in body by delirium tremens, is walking the streets of Worcester, Massachusetts, on a Sunday evening, absolutely hopeless. He has so utterly ruined his life that despair is the only thing left. He is as heartsick as it is possible for a man to get.

Suddenly a hand is laid on his shoulder. Why were they bothering him now? thought the poor unfortunate. What could any one hope to make out of such a derelict? But at the same time he was startled. Nobody had spoken to him in a friendly voice for months.

"Mr. Gough, I believe?" the stranger said to him.

"That is my name," Gough answered, but he did not falter in his onward move toward the river.

"You have been drinking to-day, Mr. Gough." And Gough could not be offended at the man's words, for kindness strong and unmistakable was in the tones of the man's voice. "Why do you not sign the pledge? Don't you want to be a respected man, one that others could depend upon? Why don't you sign the pledge, and protect yourself?"

Gough did not answer, for he was thinking. Did this man really think that he could succeed in such a fight? Was there, then, really hope for such as he? He noticed that the stranger had taken him by the arm in a friendly way, that he was acting toward him like a brother. It touched Gough deeply, but he said nothing.

"Think what it would be to be a sober man, to go to church, to have friends and home, and even a family. Won't you come down to the hall to-night and sign the pledge?"

"No, not to-night," Gough said, "but I will be there to-morrow night, and will see."

He went to the hall as he had promised, and after the meeting, with an almost palsied hand, he wrote, "John B. Gough." Thus he had taken the total abstinence pledge. And then for six days and nights, in a wretched garret, without one hour of healthy sleep, and without food, he fought the demon of delirium tremens and the battle with his appetite. And at the end of that time, he crawled out into the sunlight, weak, famished, but a conqueror.

He went back to work in the bookbinder shop, and at noon told his employer that he had signed the pledge. The man laughed in his face.

"Why do you laugh?" Gough asked; "don't you think I will keep it?"

"No, of course I don't. You can't quit now. You're a chronic drunkard."

Gough went back to his work at the bench, and a great wave of despair swept over him. He picked up the tool with which he burnished the leather of the book cover, and as he did so it began to turn to a serpent in his hands. He sought to hold it still, to make it only a tool as he knew it to be, but surely it was turning into a curling, viperous snake. And still he set his will to hold it straight.

"How do you do, Mr. Gough."

Some one was speaking to him, and holding out his hand in most friendly fashion. Gough absently held out his hand, not yet understanding.

"I saw you sign the pledge over at the hall the other night. I came in to tell you how glad I was, and to assure you that I know you are going to win the fight. Just stay with your good resolutions. It will make a great man of you."

The man passed on, and now, as Gough turned again to his bench, he saw that the tool was no longer a snake, and that it showed no intentions of trying to be one. Courage had come to him again through the kind influence of another.

Gough was at this time twenty-six years of age. Soon he was called upon to tell his experiences; and, before he really understood how, he was making temperance talks for which he received about three dollars apiece. He delivered three hundred eighty-three lectures the first year.

With the first money he could spare, he purchased Rollin's "Ancient History," bent upon self-education. As his work enlarged, he was urged to visit England. He hesitated to do this. Sensitive to an unsuspected degree, never forgetting the stains of his early manhood, he sought the advice of Dr. Lyman Beecher.

"John, my son, don't fear," said Beecher. "I have prayed for you. Go, and the blessing of an old man go with you."

England gave him the greeting she gives to heroes. Exeter Hall, where the welcome meeting was held, was draped with the flags of England and America. For four hours great crowds waited on the sidewalks for the doors to be opened. His brother Englishmen were eager to hear the famous orator who, years before, had gone out from them a poor, unknown boy. As he spoke, simply yet touchingly, the enthusiasm was unbounded, hundreds were weeping for joy. All through Great Britain crowds numbering as high as seventeen thousand persons came to hear him. On his thirty-seventh birthday he spoke in Sandgate. The village people listened as though he were inspired. Old Mrs. Beattie, who had known him when a lad, hastened to shake his hand, whereupon he left twenty-five dollars in hers. He told her he was in debt to her.

"Goodness me!" she exclaimed, "what for?"

"For a bottle of milk and some gingerbread you gave me twenty-four years ago when I was starting for America."

For thirty years Gough worked untiringly on both continents. Thousands of the lowest wrote to him out of their helplessness and despair, and thousands of the highest out of respect and admiration of his work. His beautiful home at Hillside, Worcester, had no end of remembrances from such friends as Spurgeon, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Cruikshank, Dr. Guthrie, and our statesmen and ministers and poets. He had a choice library. Though self-trained, he had become well educated.

The last time he was in England, four thousand of the *élite* of that country received him at a garden party in the grounds of Westminster Abbey. Canon Wilberforce, Canon Duekworth, Samuel Morley, the American Minister, and others made addresses. Dean Stanley led him through the grand old Abbey. The next morning twenty London papers, some of them in six columns, gave an account of this great reception of the great moral hero of his time.

At Sandgate, where he went to lay the corner stone of the Memorial Coffee Tavern bearing his name, the enthusiastic people removed the horses from his carriage and drew it through the street. He was invited to dine at the great house where fifty years before he had cleaned knives and blacked boots. Public banquets were given in his honor.

At Tremont Temple, Boston, Sept. 17, 1860, he related this incident:

"I am the servant of this movement. I stand here also as a trophy of this temperance movement. Last November I had spoken in the city hall of Glasgow to two thousand five hundred people. I was staying at the house of one of the merchant princes of that city, and when we came downstairs, his carriage was at the door, silver-mounted harness, coachman in livery, footman in plain clothes. You know, it is seldom teetotal lecturers travel in such style; and, when they do, it is proper to speak of it for the good of the temperance cause.

"As we came down, the gentleman said to me, 'It is so drizzly and cold, you had better get into the carriage and wait for the ladies to come down.'

"I think I never had so many persons shake hands with me.

"'God bless you, Mr. Gough,' said one, 'you saved my father.'

"'God bless you,' said another, 'you saved my brother.'

"Said a third, 'God bless you; I owe everything I have in the

world to you.' My hands absolutely ached as they grasped them one after another.

"Finally, a poor, wretched creature came to the door of the carriage. I saw his bare shoulders and naked feet. His hair seemed grayer than mine. He came up and said, 'Will you shake hands with me?'

"I put my hand in his hot, burning palm, and he said, 'Don't you know me?'

"'Isn't your name Aiken?'

"'Yes, Harry Aiken.'

"'You worked with me in the bookbinder's shop of Andrew Hutchison in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1842, didn't you?'

"'Yes.'

"'What is the matter with you?'

"'I am desperately poor.'

"'God pity you, you look it.' I gave him something, and asked Mr. Mark, secretary of the Scottish League, to find out about him. He picks up rags and bones in the street.

"When the ladies came, I said, 'Don't close that door. Look there at that half-starved, ragged, miserable wretch, shivering in the cold and the dim gaslight. Look at him.' The ring of the audience was in my ears, my hand ached with the grasp of friendship from scores, my surroundings were bright, and my prospects pleasant. 'Ladies, look there! There am I but for the temperance cause! That man worked with me, roomed with me. He was a better workman than I; his prospects better than mine. But a kind hand was laid on my shoulder in Worcester Street in 1842. That was the turning point in my history. But he went on as we were then. Seventeen years have passed. We meet again with a gulf as deep as hell between us!'

What a tremendous investment Joel Stratton made that evening when he touched John B. Gough on the shoulder and gave him a kind look and a kind word! Of the power of his sympathy Gough himself has said:

"No one had accosted me for months in a manner which would lead me to think anyone cared for me, or what might be my fate. Now I was not altogether alone in the world; there was a hope of my being rescued from the slough of despond where I had been so long floundering. I felt that the fountain of human kindness was not utterly sealed up, and again a green spot, an oasis—small indeed, but cheering—appeared in the desert of life. I had some-

thing now to live for; a new desire for life seemed suddenly to spring up; the universal boundary of human sympathy included even my wretched self in its cheering circle. All these sensations were generated by a few kind words at the right time. Yes, now I can fight,—and I did fight, six days and six nights,—encouraged and helped by a few words of sympathy. And so encouraged, I fought on, with not one hour of healthy sleep, not one particle of food passing my lips, for six days and nights. What a lesson of love should not this teach us! How know we but some trifling sacrifice, some little act of kindness, some, it may be, unconsidered word, may heal a bruised heart or cheer a drooping spirit.”

How the unstudied word may influence a man for all time is well shown in the case of John Bunyan. He was born in Bedford in 1628, of a “low and inconsiderable generation.” His father was an itinerant tinker, and his mother of the same rank. He learned to read and write, a luxury in those days.

Some sort of evil bent caused him to give himself to the most execrable of vices, particularly cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the name of God. But there was a conscience that now and then gave him unrest for all of his abandonment to evil. At nine and ten years of age he had his checks of conscience and distress in his sleep.

He eventually married a young woman as poor as himself. They did not have so much household stuff as a spoon or a dish between them. She had been blessed with some religious training, and brought for her marriage portion two small devotional tracts: “The Plain Man’s Path to Heaven,” and “The Practice of Piety.” These books, read repeatedly, had some outward effect upon him.

One Sunday he heard a sermon on Sabbath breaking. That same afternoon he went on with his usual Sunday sports. He was playing a game of Cat. He struck the ball one blow from the hole and was about to strike it another, when, he says, “a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul—‘Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?’ ” Although he was by this greatly affected, he did not cease his playing. The heaviness of spirit which he now experienced he sought to cast off by sinning the more greedily.

One day in this condition of soul he stood at a neighbor’s shop window, cursing and swearing, and literally playing the madman. The woman of the house was a loose, irreligious creature, but she rebuked Bunyan, and told him that he was the ungodliest man

she had ever heard in the town, and that he was bad enough to spoil all the youth in the whole community. This so startled him that he at once quit swearing.

He tells us that up to this time he had not known how to speak, unless he put an oath before and another behind to make his words have authority. Now he discovered that he could speak better and with more pleasantness than he could before. He had a long, hard fight with doubt, running into the years, but he triumphed at last.

In 1653, he joined the Nonconformists, of whom his wife was a member. A little later his wife died. In 1657, he was formally recognized as a preacher. "All the Midland counties," says Froude, "heard of his fame and demanded to hear him." After the Restoration, it was made illegal to conduct religious service except in accordance with the forms of the Established Church. Bunyan, who persisted in his irregular preaching, was confined in Bedford jail for twelve years, though during a part of the time he was allowed a large degree of freedom. He married again, and here in Bedford jail he supported his family by making tagged laces. And thus it was from the windows of a jail that he saw his visions of the pathway of the Christian to the heavenly country, and through the bars of his prison house he looked out and afar to the Land of Beulah.

And the turning point in his life came that day when the irreligious woman, out of patience with him, jolted him out of his evil life. The prospect of his becoming the gifted author of "Pilgrim's Progress," "Grace Abounding," "The Holy War," and "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman," were dim indeed that day when he stood cursing outside the shop window.

Making an Investment in Influence

ONE winter evening Ole Bull, the great violinist, was traveling across the prairie in the dead of winter, and became lost in a blizzard, about fifteen miles from the nearest farmhouse, twenty miles from the nearest town. The storm had blown down the guideboards, and having completely lost his way, Ole Bull let his big gray horse take his own course.

Thus he pressed on through the storm, not knowing the direction of his going, nor where he could find shelter. Then when hope was dead and life was ebbing in that awful cold, he saw, across the fenceless prairie, a faint, twinkling light, gleaming dimly like a lighthouse above a blinding sea.

The light disappeared, and he thought it must have been but a vision of his troubled brain; and then it came, and he saw that it was a light from a window. When he came to the place, he tried the door, but found it locked. There was no word or sign of welcome. Ole put his horse in a ruined cattle shed. It would serve as a shelter from the storm.

Soon a light shone from the suddenly opened door. A terrible creature stood holding a lantern that threw strange shadows. He uttered fierce imprecations.

—
“Get you gone, whoever you be;
For I’ve sealed an oath in heaven, never human face to see;
Heart and soul to hate abandoned, love by cruel torture wronged,
I’ve renounced for years, forever, all that to my life belonged.
Take your way; begone! ay, perish in yon wild demoniac yeast;
For the wrong that I have suffered I will have revenge at least.”

Ole Bull seized the mad hermit by the shoulder, and led him back into the cabin with a grip like a vise.

“I am here to stay till morning, asking neither food nor grace;
Sit you here within the shadow, and I charge you keep your place. . . .

“Sat they hours thus in silence, and the hermit crooning low
Took a fiddle from a cupboard, woke the airs of long ago.”

Ole wondered at the caprice of the hermit, and though he realized that the man had but little art or skill, yet he sensed that the strains came from the lonely creature’s heart. The old hermit played for a long time as though unconscious of Ole. Then, with a cold and feigned politeness and with bitter jest, the well-bred irony telling of better days sometime in the hermit’s past, the

madman asked Ole if he would not lay aside his cloak and play.

Ole swept aside his cloak, rose and took the fiddle. He said in after days, telling of it, that never before had he felt the all-conscious power of his art within him. Then, as he played, he saw visions panoramic of applauding galleries, the glowing transport swelling from thousands of hearts. He felt the thrill of emotion that starts the tear of rapture. And all that gilded pageant was in Ole's playing for one single lonely heart.

Ole broke into the strains of "Home, Sweet Home." The hermit rose, approached Ole and looked him searchingly in the face. He wondered if the violinist were not an angel that had come to visit him unawares. As the hermit gazed in wonder, the tears wet the lashes of his eyes as they overflowed with moisture.

And next, the music softly stealing seemed to the hermit as his mother's long-forgotten prayers. The long pent-up tears coursed down the care-worn features of the old hermit. The rock by Judah's fold was not so hard when smitten by Moses' staff as this man's heart touched by Ole's magic rod of music. Like the waters of Meribah made sweet, this man's hard nature was softened, his bitterness of spirit was healed under music's wondrous spell. The spring flowed once more in the desert of the soul, and life-giving waters made all fresh and vigorous again.

After that the two men could lie side by side on the narrow cot that was now made wide by their new-found friendship.

"Saved, ay, saved," the hermit murmured, "I have found my life again: Found a deeper, truer meaning in the words, my fellow men."

Into the Bowery Mission, New York, with the rum-ruined throng that gathers every evening for the coffee and rolls, came a man with staggering gait, dressed in the rough bagging that East Side pawnbrokers deal out with the price of a drink in exchange for clothing.

The man was besotted and dirty in the extreme. He had slept the preceding night in a sewer pipe. He sank into a seat, and waited wolfishly for something to eat.

Mother Bird on the platform asked for some one to volunteer to play the organ. As this man staggered forward, Mother Bird's heart sank within her.

The man sat down at the great church organ. And the first touch of his fingers to the keys revealed the master hand. First he played the majestic strains of some old German hymns; then,

sobered, he drifted to the grand voluntaries that call the worshipers in great cathedrals to prayer. Next came "Home, Sweet Home." The tramps on the benches broke down and cried.

That was the event that led to the reclaiming of Organist Benke. He was the son of a German merchant. He had come to America to make his fortune. But he had fallen into drink, and had become a human wreck.

That was the beginning of a new life for Benke. He became Organist Benke of the Bowery Mission. He was sought for by some of the big churches, but he refused to play for them, preferring to employ his ability gratuitously for those who came into the Mission as hopeless and fallen as once he had been.

Mary Jones was the daughter of a poor weaver living in a humble dwelling at the foot of Cader Idris, Wales. She was born in 1782, and early in life began to learn her father's trade. She attended a Sunday school, and was soon distinguished by her readiness to learn and repeat large portions of the word of God. As yet, although there had been many editions of the Welsh Bible published, it was an exception to see a copy in a poor man's house in Wales. The nearest Bible was two miles distant from Mary Jones' house. She had permission to read it as often as she chose. Meanwhile she set aside all her pence, determined if possible to buy a Bible of her own. After years of saving, she succeeded in making up the sum necessary to buy a Bible of her own, the Welsh Bible.

She ascertained that Bala was the nearest town in which a copy might be got; and it was twenty-five miles away. But, nothing daunted, the girl set off, and walked all the way, carrying her boots in her bag in order to put them on just before entering Bala. She arrived at Bala late in the evening—too late to see Mr. Charles, from whom the Bible was to be had. In the morning she went to Mr. Charles, and he was touched by her simple story.

"I am sorry that you have come all the way to obtain a Bible, seeing that I have no copy to give you. All the Bibles I received from London have been sold months since, excepting one or two which I have promised to keep for friends."

Mary Jones wept bitterly. The disappointment was too much for her. Mr. Charles could not withstand her tears, and he at last gave her one of the promised Bibles. Mary placed the Bible in her bag, and bade good-by to the kind Mr. Charles, feeling grateful

to him for letting her have what she considered the greatest of treasures.

Her visit to Mr. Charles left a lasting impression on both. Often afterwards did Mr. Charles refer to that touching incident to convince his English friends of the intense craving of the Welsh nation for the word of life.

In December, 1802, Mr. Charles laid before the Committee of the Religious Tract Society the pressing needs of his country; and related the story of Mary Jones. It awakened sympathy in all. It was resolved to have a Bible Society for Wales, yes, and for all nations. Thus the Bible Society originated. Mary Jones' act was the 'germ that caused the British and Foreign Bible Society to spring into being.

Mary lived to an old age. The Bible she bought at Bala was by her side when she died. She no longer needed to read it, for she knew all its promises and consolations by heart. This Bible was later handed on to the British and Foreign Bible Society. An open Bible is graven on her tombstone with the words, "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever." Then these words:

"Mary, widow of Thomas Lewis, weaver, Brynccrrog, who died December 28, 1864, aged 82. This tombstone was erected by contributions of the Calvinistic Methodists in the district, and other friends, in respect to her memory, as the Welsh girl, Mary Jones, who walked from Abergwynolwyn to Bala, in the year 1802, when sixteen years of age, to procure a Bible of the Rev. Thomas Charles, B. A., a circumstance which led to the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society."

The cottage of the Dairyman's Daughter is such a memorial as Christ foretold of the woman who anointed Him. It is but a plain cottage, an immature home—a low, brown-thatched hamlet, whose walls are quite covered with climbing and blossoming vines and flowers.

A neatly dressed young woman invites you to enter. She is the niece of the Dairyman's Daughter. She shows you the old family Bible; she shows you the book of visitors' names—Lord Shaftesbury, other lords, bishops, princes of the imperial house of Russia and of Prussia!

In this humble cottage lived a poor woman with scarce any education, with no beauty, with nothing about her to be envied but her hope in Christ. And yet the story of that hope, and its

reason and its strength, not eloquently but simply told, has drawn hundreds of every rank and degree to look at the familiar things of her life, to turn the leaves of her Bible, to see where she sat, where she sickened, where she died.

Here lived a royal life; for, in the light of the faith and hope that illumined the humble abode of the Dairyman's Daughter and closed the example of her life with the glory and blessedness of a peaceful death, a crown is of no more importance than the straw that thatched the roof of the cottage.

"Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring, so small that a single ox could drain it dry on a summer's day. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio; thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats; then, joining the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles or more, until it falls into the great emblem of eternity." Such are the influences of moral lives as they gather power where they flow, widening to the day of eternity.

To my old friend, Prof. H. M. Hamil, D. D., member of the original committee of fifteen of the International Sunday School Lessons, I am indebted for the following account of Valentine Burke. It is here given substantially as he gave it one autumn Sunday afternoon in an address to the Y. M. C. A. of Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1899:

Valentine Burke was his name. He was an old-time burglar, with kit and gun always ready to use. His pictures adorned many a rogue's gallery, for Burke was a real burglar, and none of your cheap amateurs. He had courage born of many desperate "jobs." Twenty years of his life Burke had spent in prison, here and there. He was a big, strong fellow, with a hard face and a terrible tongue for swearing, especially at sheriffs and their deputies, who were his natural-born enemies. There must have been a streak of manhood, or a tender spot somewhere about him, or this story could hardly have happened, you will be sure to see. But I for one have yet to find the man who is wholly gone to the bad, and beyond the reach of man or God. If you have, skip this story, for it is a true one, just as Mr. Moody told it to me up in Brattleboro, Vermont. And now, that dear old Moody is dead, I remember how the big tears fell from his eyes as he told it.

It was twenty-five or more years ago that it happened. Moody was young then, and not very long in his ministry. He came down to St. Louis to lead a union revival meeting, and the *Globe-Democrat* came out with the announcement that it was going to print every word he said, sermon, prayer, and exhortation. Moody said it made him quake inwardly when he read it; but he made up his mind that he would "weave in a lot of Scripture for the *Globe-Democrat* to print; and that might count if his own poor words should fail." He did it, and his sermons were sprinkled from day to day with Bible texts. The reporters tried their cunning in putting big blazing headlines over the columns. Everybody was either hearing or reading the sermons. Burke was in the St. Louis jail, waiting trial for some piece of daring. Solitary confinement was wearing on him, and he put in his time railing at the guards and reviling the sheriff on his daily visits.

Somebody threw a *Globe-Democrat* into his cell, and the first thing that caught his eye was a big headline like this—"How the Jailer at Philippi Got Caught." It was just what Burke wanted, and he sat down with a chuckle to enjoy the story of the jailer's discomfiture. "Philippi," he said, "that's up in Illinois; I've been there." Somehow the reading had a strange sound, out of the usual newspaper way. It was Moody's sermon of the night before. "What rot is this?" asked Burke. "Paul and Silas," "A Great Earthquake," "What Must I Do to Be Saved?" "Has the *Globe-Democrat* got to printing such stuff as this?" He looked at the date. Yes, it was Friday morning's paper, fresh from the press. Burke threw it down with an oath, and walked around his cell like a caged lion. By and by he took up the paper again, and read the sermon through. The restless fit grew on him. Again and again he picked up the paper, and read the strange story. It was then that a something, from where he did not know, came into the burglar's heart, and cut its way to the quick. "What does it mean?" he was thinking. "Twenty years I've been burglar and jailbird, and never felt like this. What can I do to be saved? I'm getting tired of this life, and if there is such a God as that preacher is telling about, I believe I'll find out, if it kills me to do it." Burke found out.

Away toward midnight, after long hours of bitter remorse for his wasted life, and after many lonely and broken prayers for the first time since he was a child at his mother's knee, he learned that there is a God who is able to blot out the bloodiest and darkest

record at a single stroke. Then Burke waited for day, a new creature, crying and laughing by turns. Next morning, when the guard came round Burke had a pleasant word for him, and the guard eyed him in wonder. When the sheriff came, Burke greeted him as a friend, and told him how he had found God at midnight in his cell after reading Moody's sermon.

"Jim," said the sheriff to the guard, "you better keep an eye on Burke. He's playing the pious dodge on me, and he will be getting out of here the first chance."

In a few weeks Burke came to trial, but the case, through legal entanglement, failed, and he was let loose. Friendless, an ex-burglar, in a big city, where he was known only as a daring criminal, Burke had a hard time for many months of shame and sorrow. Men looked at his face when he asked for work, and turned him away upon its evidence. But poor Burke was as brave as a Christian as he had been as a burglar, and struggled on. Moody told me how the poor fellow, seeing that his face with its sin-blurred features was against him, asked the Lord in prayer "if He wouldn't make him better looking, so he could get an honest job." You will smile at this, I know, but something really answered the prayer, for Moody said in a year from that time, when he saw Burke in Chicago, the ex-burglar was one of the finest-looking men he knew. I can't help thinking it was the Lord who did it for him.

Burke, shifting to and fro and willing to find work, went to New York, and tried it there, hoping, far from his old haunts, to find peace and honest labor. He did not succeed, and after six months came back to St. Louis, much discouraged, but holding fast to the God he had found at midnight in the jail. One day there came a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the courthouse, and Burke obeyed with a heavy heart. "Some old case they've got against me," he said; "but if I'm guilty I'll tell them so. I'm done lying." The sheriff greeted him kindly.

"Where have you been, Burke?"

"New York."

"What have you been doing there?"

"Trying to get a decent job," said Burke.

"Have you kept a good grip on that religion you told me about?"

"Yes," answered Burke. "I've had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my religion." It was then the tide turned.

"Burke," said the sheriff, "I have had you shadowed every day you've been in New York. I suspected your religion was a fraud. But I want to say to you that I know you've lived an honest Christian life. I have called you here to offer you the chief deputyship under me, and you can begin at once."

He began. He set his face like a flint. Steadily and with dogged faithfulness the old burglar went about his duties, until men high in business began to tip their hats to the strange man and talk of him at their clubs. Moody was passing through the city, and stopped off an hour to meet Burke, who loved nobody as he did the man who converted him. Moody told how he found him in a close room upstairs in the courthouse, set there to serve as special trusted guard over a big bag of diamonds. Burke sat with a sack of the gems in his lap and a gun on the table. He had \$60,000 worth of diamonds in the sack.

"Moody," he said, "see what the grace of God has done for a burglar. Look in this sack; and the sheriff picked me out of his force to keep it for him."

Moody said he cried like a child, as he held up the glittering gems for him to see.

Years afterwards, the churches of St. Louis were ready for the coming of a great evangelist, who was to lead a meeting; but something happened and he did not come. The pastors were in sore trouble, until one of them asked that they send for Valentine Burke to lead it for them. Burke led it night after night, and many of the hard men of the city came to hear him; and many hearts were turned, as Burke's had been, from lives of crime and shame to clean Christian living.

There is not a stranger or more beautiful or more pathetic story than that of Burke's gentle and faithful Christian life and service in the city where he had been chief of sinners. How long he lived I do not recall; but Moody told me of his funeral, and how the rich and the poor, the saints and the sinners, came to it, and how the big men of the city could not say enough over the coffin of Valentine Burke. And to this day there are not a few in that great city whose hearts soften with a strange tenderness when the name of the burglar is recalled.

When I was a boy, an old black "mammy" that I loved greatly, taught me to sing a song with words like these:

"Through all depths of sin and loss,
Sinks the plummet of His cross."

Taking Hold Upon Eternity

IT HAS been possible, by means of assembled statistics, to estimate the value of time spent on ourselves; but no statistics can possibly be gathered to show the value of time spent in helping others. "The hours we invest in ourselves are worth a minimum of ten dollars apiece, whether they be in college or out of college. There is no doubt on that point; hard, unsentimental statistics prove it. But the *hours or minutes we invest in other people have a worth beyond calculation*. They reach out into unseen lives, through ever-widening circles of influence, touching the borders of eternity. And we ourselves are stronger, conscious of a larger importance, more self-confident, because of the achievements which we, through these others, have helped to bring to pass."—*Everett W. Lord, dean of the College of Business Administration, of Boston University.*

And it is not in preaching to people, in talking to them merely, that we can do the most for and with them.

"Our influence upon others depends not so much upon what we say, as upon what we are. Men may combat and defy our logic, they may resist our appeals; but a life of disinterested love is an argument they can not gainsay. A consistent life, characterized by the meekness of Christ, is a power in the world."—"*Desire of Ages*," page 142.

"Hearts that respond to the influence of the Holy Spirit are the channels through which God's blessing flows. Were those who serve God removed from the earth, and His Spirit withdrawn from among men, this world would be left to desolation and destruction, the fruit of Satan's dominion. Though the wicked know it not, they owe even the blessings of this life to the presence, in the world, of God's people whom they despise and oppress."—*Id.*, page 306.

And notice also how great shall be the harvest of such a sowing.

"The disciples were to begin their work where they were. The hardest and most unpromising field was not to be passed by. *So every one of Christ's workers is to begin where he is*. In our own families may be souls hungry for sympathy, starving for the bread of life. There may be children to be trained for Christ. There are heathen at our very doors. Let us do faithfully the work that is nearest. Then let our efforts be extended as far as God's hand may lead the way. The work of many may appear to be restricted by

circumstances; but wherever it is, if performed with faith and diligence, *it will be felt to the uttermost parts of the earth.* Christ's work when upon earth appeared to be confined to a narrow field, but multitudes from all lands heard His message. *God often uses the simplest means to accomplish the greatest results.* It is His plan that every part of His work shall depend on every other part, as a wheel within a wheel, all acting in harmony. *The humblest worker, moved by the Holy Spirit, will touch invisible chords, whose vibrations will ring to the ends of the earth, and make melody through eternal ages.*"—*Id.*, pages 822, 823.

And it is not the doing, in hope of a reward, that God shall bless above what we ask or think; but it is the unselfish, disinterested labor, where duty calls and men of faith respond, leaving all to God.

Mary thought that she was but following the impulse of her love for Christ when she anointed His feet. And when cold thought sat in judgment on her act, her reason told her that perhaps she had made a mistake. She heard the criticism of Judas, and her heart trembled. She feared that her sister would reproach her for extravagance. And then the Master, too, might think her improvident. Without apology or excuse, afraid of her act, she was about to shrink away. But Jesus defended her. He saw the meaning of her act, which she did not. The Holy Spirit had planned for her, and had inspired her to perform the service. She thought that only her own love was guiding her, but that love was imparted by the Holy Spirit, and controlled her motives. Inspiration never stoops to give a reason, for its presence and promptings are its own justification. But in time we shall see how wisely it has planned.

So Jesus told Mary, after her act, what it signified, and in so doing, He gave to Mary infinitely more than He had received from her. He showed that He was to die, and in such a way that, if Mary had not now beforehand anointed Him for the burial, the work would never be done; He would go without this service to His grave. But the Holy Spirit prompted Mary through her love for Christ to do far beyond her knowing, and to give the Saviour that honor of which He would otherwise have been deprived.

It is well to work with that Mind which can read all the future and plan for us as we can not begin to plan for ourselves. Thus a harmony of life and a symmetry of character and sequence of

conduct come to the trusting child of God that the wisest planning in the world alone can never attain.

Mary's act was to be her memorial. She was to have undying fame and influence as a reward for her simple, unstudied act. "Kingdoms would rise and fall; the names of monarchs and conquerors would be forgotten; but this woman's deed would be immortalized upon the pages of sacred history. Until time should be no more, that broken alabaster box would tell the story of the abundant love of God for a fallen race."—*Id.*, page 563.

And soon Judas went out and bargained to sell Christ. Thus the one who condemned the deed of love showed his mortal wisdom in doing what he thought was a smart thing, and one that would give him profit. While the act of unselfishness has borne a rich harvest of healing influence to the world, the other deed of traitorous, cruel selfishness has borne its black harvest of infamy and shame. Thus both deeds have vibrated to the ends of the earth, and both have taken hold upon the borders of eternity, to sound their notes of good and of ill through all the ages to come.

"A little spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary ones might turn.

"He walled it in and hung with care
A ladle on its brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.

"He passed again, and, lo, the well
By summers never dried
Had cooled ten thousand parchèd tongues
And saved a life beside."

Lyman Beecher was asked to preach for a brother minister whose church was in a remote country district, occupied by a sparse and scattered population. It was a midwinter day, bitterly cold. The roads were so choked with snow that Mr. Beecher could scarcely reach the church. There was no person there. Mr. Beecher went into the pulpit. One man came and sat in a pew. Mr. Beecher conducted the service, speaking earnestly to that audience of one. Twenty years after that, a stranger came to Mr. Beecher and asked if he remembered that winter day when he spoke in the church to one hearer. He said that he was that hearer,

and that the words uttered that day had continued with him and had been the means of changing the whole course of his life. He further informed Mr. Beecher that he was now the pastor of a church, and that God had used him in many ways for good to men. And thus Mr. Beecher learned of more definite good from that one act, perhaps, than from any other one act of his life. Thus it is that our influence may accomplish the most just when it seems the least likely to accomplish anything.

It was a cold, rainy night in Ireland years ago when two persons were riding in a jaunting car. One of these was a public speaker, who was making many addresses in many parts of Ireland, and the other was the driver of the car. The speaker was a large, robust man, who could talk to audiences until they laughed or wept, according as he wished. One day he described a shipwreck so vividly that some sailors who were present, forgetting where they were, arose and cried, "The lifeboat! Take to the lifeboat!"

This man was Thomas Guthrie, a minister much respected, and very influential wherever known. As the jaunting car moved on in the storm, both of the men became drenched. The cold rain most thoroughly chilled them. They came then to a wayside inn. The minister hailed it with pleasure, and asked the driver to stop the car, and then went in to get a hot toddy. Out of the kindness of his heart, he remembered the driver and brought out to him a hot, stimulating drink. The driver refused to touch it. As the two went on in the storm, the minister asked the driver why he would not drink. He told the minister that he had seen so many of his companions, car drivers, go to ruin through intoxicating drink that he had decided never to taste another drop. It set Thomas Guthrie to thinking, and caused him to make a resolution as to his own conduct.

When he got back to Scotland and sat at the table of the richest and greatest in the land, he was never seen to take another drop of liquor. And, more than this, he spoke earnest, loving, tender words of exhortation to men concerning thoughtfulness of one another and self-denial for others' sakes. The whole influence of his life thereafter was for total abstinence. He gave his voice most eloquently for the temperance cause.

Driving alone along country roads at night is not an experience at all likely to give one any idea of his own importance in such a humble calling. Whoever heard of a poor driver of a jaunting car

influencing thousands and even millions of people? Such an idea seems absurd. Thus, Guthrie, with his mighty eloquence and touching pathos, stirred innumerable hearts in all lands from India to America as he pictured the evils of strong drink; and he cheered the courage of many a despondent drunkard in the alleys of Edinburgh, and roused the earnestness of many an easy-going Christian in the parlors of London, because of that Irish car driver, who had really been the inspirer of it all.

A poor, illiterate man was talking to a few people in a barn in an obscure part of Ireland. His theme was the character and death of Jesus Christ. He could not speak very accurately, but he could speak earnestly and tenderly, and he put his heart into a description of what the shedding of Christ's blood meant for mankind. He told of the cleansing effect of devotion to Christ on all who love and serve Him.

Into that barn there came a young man called Toplady. He was well educated, gentle, and refined. He was the last sort of person that one would think would be impressed by the speaker of the occasion, the very antithesis of the speaker's illiteracy. But it did impress him profoundly, and gave him an entirely different view of the sacrifice of Christ. He went away a follower of the Saviour he had seen revealed in that old barn by the man who had spoken out of a heart of love for his Master.

Augustus M. Toplady put that revelation into the song which he wrote, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in Thee." That hymn has been hung in scores of languages. It has been a comfort in the dark hours, an inspiration in the lives of tens of thousands of human souls. It was an illiterate man who gave the inspiration that Toplady set into such beautiful words. And because of it, French and German, Italian and Syrian, Indian and Chinese, Japanese and English, and many others have their souls lifted heavenward through the sentiment of that hymn.

Fowell Buxton as a youth was most unpromising, a lad of no stability and no purpose. But there came an influence into his life that changed its whole current. And what is the story of that influence? It was all because of a home into which he went first as a caller and then as a visitor, where the atmosphere was ennobling. The thought of that home made him strive at Dublin University for honors. In that home was the woman whom he afterwards married.

But there was a sister, a girl of thoughtfulness, yet who was merry and bright, and who cared about things of human welfare. Thinking of the evils of slavery, she exerted gently and persuasively and effectively all her powers upon this young man, first a friend and then her brother-in-law, inducing him to take up the cause of the slave. And through her influence, his powers were aroused, and he labored and succeeded. The world applauded the man who made England free; but it is written in that book above where all the secrets of this life stand recorded, that it was Priscilla Gurney who, under God, had been the human instrument to change a purposeless man into a vigorous worker for the world's benefit.

It was the results of His own sacrifice for the human race that led Christ to make Himself a ransom for many. As He looked forward into the ages of eternity and beheld what should be because He chose to humble Himself to the lowly estate of man, it gave Him cheer and comfort in the darkest and gloomiest hours of His life. It was this harvest of souls for God to all eternity that gave Him strength to go on when Gethsemane's bloody sweat weakened Him in the battle against wrong. He looked forward into the future and saw the great hosts of the saved. He viewed the vast expanse of eternity, and beheld the happiness and glory of those who, through His humiliation, would receive pardon and holiness and everlasting life.

And we may enter into that same joy. We have run over a few examples of those who have manifestly influenced others, but we can not here view all the glory of that harvest which they will reap who sow in faith and tears; for all eternity will be ever revealing the greatness of those results that are now wrapped up in simple, humble, faithful acts of kindness and helpfulness.

It is here alone that we may make this investment in human influence. But all eternity will be none too long to disclose the immeasurable results. And yet how few there are who are interested in making that investment!

And what a treasure will that be which eternity will reveal!

In Kings' Palaces

THERE are thousands that seek for place where there are ten that seek for fitness for place. But no man can hold a place long if he has not the real fitness for the place. Seeking for place without fitness for the place is therefore a foolish thing to do. But there are all too many with this mania for conspicuity.

Fitness has its own reward in being a personal endowment, and an addition to the individual's capacity and ability; and as certainly as one has fitness, he will eventually find the place in which he fits.

There have been great men who have fallen far short of being the help in the world they might have been, simply because they had a burning ambition for some position, some place of honor.

"Let me mention one to whom, in some respects, I owe a debt of gratitude—Daniel Webster." Thus speaks Henry Ward Beecher. "In my boyhood, his writings had a powerful effect upon my imagination. He was a man who by education could have had moral sense, but who lived in circumstances in which it was over-slaughed, great as he was. He was a man, not without moral sentiment, but without moral *sense*. He had a feeling, an inspiration of the dignity and the grandeur of moral things; but the moral sense that makes things right or wrong he was quite deficient in.

"And though he towered above all his fellows, and was easily the first man of his nation, and perhaps of his time, anywhere; although he had a creative brain, and did all great things that he did better than other men, and more easily than other men; although he was a man with a massive nature, both in body and in mind, capable of outstripping all his fellow men, he gathered up his lore, and experience, and taste, and moral sentiment, and sacrificed them all for the bauble of the Presidency.

"He sold himself for it; and he sold himself at such a price that he was not esteemed worth anything by the men that bought him; and they threw him off, and his heart broke, and he died, counting his whole life to have been a total failure!

"He was a great nature in many regards; and yet, now that he is gone, men think of him only to mourn over his name. It sounds in my ears as the stroke of the village bell, announcing that some one has gone to the eternal world. I mourn over him. I see how his great, variously endowed, rich life was a matter of self-denial

for the poor, paltry office of the Presidency—an office that never makes a man great, as we have many instances to show, and which belittles a great many men that might have been great.”

Such was Henry Ward Beecher's estimate of one of the greatest statesmen of the United States. In the period before the Civil War, Webster sought to maintain the union of the states, and also did all that he could to placate the South with his compromise measures.

One of the most notable speeches of his life was delivered in the Senate, March 7, 1850, in which he argued for the extension of slavery, rebuked the North for violating the Fugitive Slave Law, and advocated concessions to the South. The speech aroused indignation in the North, where it was said that Webster was truckling to the South in order to gain support in his candidacy for President. And in this course which he had taken, he had really cut off every chance of ever becoming President, for it was in the North that his greatest strength had been, and this he had thus almost entirely sacrificed.

In 1852 he was disappointed in not receiving the Whig nomination for the Presidency, refused to support the candidacy of General Scott, and took no part in the campaign. He returned to his home at Marshfield, Massachusetts, in September, and there died on October 24.

It is to this that Beecher refers in his lament that a man will give up his clear views of right in order to curry favor for position and honor. And it is but one great instance of humanity's desire to have place without all the fitness that the place involves.

Quite different from this was the attitude of Henry Clay.

Having felt called upon to define his position on the subject of slavery, and having carefully prepared his argument, Clay read it to Colonel Preston, at the same time asking his opinion of it.

“I quite agree with you in your views, Mr. Clay,” replied the latter. “But I think it would be better for you to leave out such and such parts; the expression of such opinion, I fear, will injure your prospects for the Presidency in my part of the country.”

“Am I right, sir?” asked Clay.

“I think you are.”

“Then, sir,” said Clay with decision, “I shall say every word of it, and compromise not one jot or tittle. I would rather be right than President.”

Lincoln uttered the dictum that Clay was "the *beau idéal* of a statesman."

We are told in the book of Proverbs that "the spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." We may think she is not fit to be there, but if she did not have a certain fitness for such a place, she would certainly not be there; for she has enough opposition to keep her out, if it were possible to do so.

In the introduction to this statement we are told that the spider is exceeding small, but it has great wisdom, and it is by this instinctive wisdom that it gets and holds its place. For wisdom is that faculty which sees and applies the means to the end desired, as we have seen in the chapter, "The Profit of Wisdom."

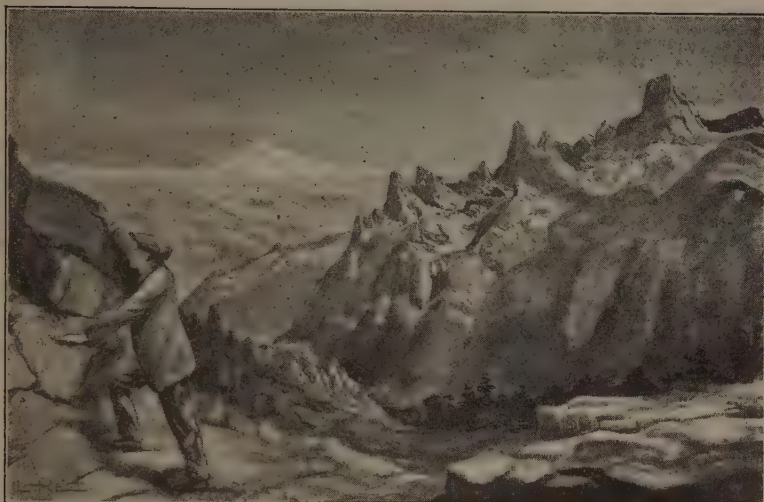
The inspiration of this text is that the spider can get into kings' palaces, and that she does it by a wisdom which has furnished her the means to this end. Now, since wisdom is not confined to spiders, and since man is wise above all the creatures of the earth, the lesson is that the most difficult of things can be done by the persistency and the wisdom that the spider employs.

And think for a moment of this equipment of the spider. We ever notice the unusual, but the commonplace does not much attract our attention. A whole flock of robins will not take as much of our attention as will one blundering bat that darts into our room on some summer evening. And yet the common things are the veriest of wonders if we will but give them heed.

"No grasshopper ever springs up in our path, no moth ever dashes into the evening candle, no mote ever floats in the sunbeam that pours through the crack of the window shutter, no barnacle on a ship's hull, no bur on a chestnut, no limpet clinging to a rock, no rind of an artichoke, but would teach us a lesson if we were not so stupid.

"God in His Bible sets forth for our consideration the lily, and the snowflake, and the locust, and the stork's nest, and the hind's feet, and the aurora borealis, and the ant hills. One of the sacred writers, sitting amid the mountains, sees a hind skipping over the rocks. The hind has such a peculiarly shaped foot that it can go over the steepest places without falling; and as the prophet looks upon that marking of the hind's foot on the rocks, and thinks of the divine care over him, he says: 'He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and will make me to walk upon my high places.'

"And another sacred writer sees the ostrich leaving its eggs in the sand of the desert, and without any care of incubation, walk



CLIMBING TO GET UP

It is the only way to get to some places; that's why some never get to these high altitudes—physical, mental, or moral. If there were countless good ladders for getting up in the world, many would demand an elevator.

off; and the scripture says, that is like some parents, leaving their children without any wing of protection and care."

And then there is the scripture we have quoted about the spider; and in imagination we see before us the gate of the palace of Solomon the Great, and we are inducted by an attendant to the pomp of the throne into the presence of the king himself. Then, while we view the magnificence, inspiration points out to us a spider plying its shuttle and weaving its net on the gorgeous walls. We hear nothing of the beauty of the palace, with its hangings of purple and gold, or its embroideries of silver and scarlet; but we are bidden to consider solemnly and earnestly the fact that "the spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." Proverbs 30: 28.

"The king's chamberlain comes into the palace, and looks around and sees the spider on the wall, and says: 'Away with the intruder,' and the servant of Solomon's palace comes with his broom and dashes down the insect, saying: 'What a loathsome thing it is!' But under microscopic inspection I find it more won-

drous of construction than the embroideries on the palace wall, and the upholstery about the windows.

"All the machinery of the earth could not make anything so delicate and beautiful as the prehensile with which that spider clutches its prey, or as any of its eight eyes. We do not have to go so far up to see the power of God in the tapestry hanging around the windows of heaven, or in the horses and chariots of fire with which the dying day departs, or to look at the mountain swinging out its sword arm from under the mantle of darkness until it can strike with its scimitar of lightning.

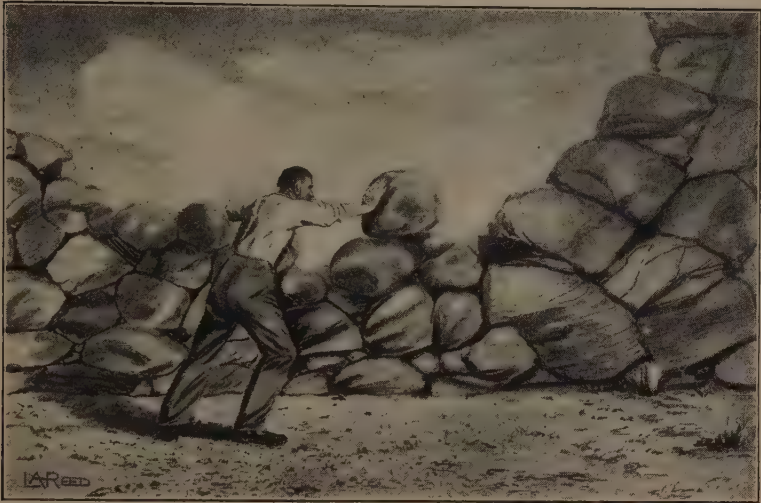
"I love better to study God's work in the shape of a fly's wing, in the formation of a fish's scale, in the snowy whiteness of a pond lily. I love to track His footsteps in the mountain pass, and to hear His voice in the hum of the rye fields, and discover the rustle of His robe of light in the south wind."

There is the wonder of creative power that can say to a firefly: "Let there be light," and the wonder and the perfection of that glow no scientist has yet grasped or understood. And there is the marvel that He can measure the waters of the seas in the hollow of His hand, and that He can comprehend all the dust of the earth as accurately as though weighed in the balance; and also there are heights and depths and lengths and breadths of omnipotency in the marvel that rolls a drop of water into the perfect sphere of a dewdrop; that stoops from the might of the midnight hurricane to give the spider skill to fashion the delicate suspension bridge of his wonderful web!

We may take the telescope and sweep it across the heavens in order to behold the glory of God in the skies; and, too, we may bring the microscope to the eye, and gaze, and look, and study, until confounded, and then kneel down on the earth and cry: "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

The spider might have said: "I am so insignificant amidst all this grandeur and magnificence, I am sure I can't do anything to match this gold lace and this exquisite embroidery. And since I can't do anything fit for so grand a place, therefore I will do nothing." But that is not the way of the spider; it said and did nothing of the kind. "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." That is a lesson for you and me to learn—that we are never to be awed into inaction.

Some people in this world never do anything because they do not find something they think is important enough for them to do.



OPENING THE ROAD

It is easier to roll rocks out of a road than it is to open some of the blocked avenues of thought and life. Lister, with his carbolic acid, was called a quack, and laughed out of hospitals by the medical profession, but he broke a road through to modern sanitation.

They want to do the big and the grand thing—that which will cause applause and wonder, and bring honor and fame—and as it is not in sight, they do nothing.

“What if the Levite in the ancient temple had refused to snuff the candle because he could not be a high priest? What if the humming bird should refuse to sing its song into the ear of the honeysuckle because it can not, like the eagle, dash its wing into the sun? What if the raindrop should refuse to descend because it is not a Niagara? What if the spider should refuse to move its shuttle because it can not weave a Solomon’s robe?

“Away with such folly. If you are lazy with one talent, you will be lazy with ten talents. If Milo can not lift the calf, he will never have strength to lift the ox. In the Lord’s army there is order of promotion; but you can not be a general until you have been a captain, a lieutenant, and a colonel. It is step by step and inch by inch; it is stroke by stroke that our Christian character is builded. Therefore be content to do what God commands you to do.

"God Himself is not ashamed to do small things. He is not ashamed to chisel by His forces a grain of sand, or give the honey-bee wisdom and skill to construct its cell with mathematical accuracy."

Whatever God does, He does well. And what we do, let it also be the best that we can do, whether the work be great or small. If we are not faithful in a small sphere, we shall not be faithful in a large. If we are not faithful in the lesser things, we shall be indolent and negligent in the larger.

And the destiny of the spider—in kings' palaces—teaches us that this, too, may be our destiny. True, the spider will no doubt be swept out of the palace, web and all; but God has decreed that many of those down in the defilement of sin and dishonor shall some day be ushered into the palace of the king.

There is the day of small things in this world for many, but there comes, for some of them, the day of large things. Arkwright is first in a barber shop before he becomes a millionaire from the invention of his machine. Sextus V is only a swineherd before he finds his way into the palace of Rome. Fletcher has the most insignificant of family positions before he rises to the great heights of Christian eloquence, and to be designated by Wesley as his logical successor. Hogarth first engraved pewter pots before he became the renowned artist.

Dr. Black discovered latent heat with a pan of water and two thermometers; and Newton unfolded the composition of light and the origin of colors with a prism, a lens, and a piece of pasteboard. And if they have no scientific apparatus, Humphry Davy will use kitchen pots and pans for the purpose, and Faraday can experiment on electricity by means of old bottles, in his spare minutes while a bookbinder. It is said that Watt made a model of the condensing steam engine out of an old syringe used to inject dead bodies previous to dissection. These men did not despise the day of small things, but used these small things in the time at their disposal, and there came to them in consequence a day of great things.

Thus, though the beginning be humble and obscure, the end may not be. Here we know limitations and deprivations and weaknesses, but the soul of the upright is promised the destiny of a place in the palace of the King. And that palace will as far surpass the palace of Solomon as the King is greater than Solomon.

"The spider crawling up the wall of Solomon's palace was not worth looking after or considering, as compared with the fact that we, who are worms of the dust, may at last ascend into the palace of the King Immortal."

And in that event we are not to say that His palace is too fine a place for us. No, for those who enter there are to be made worthy. He who gives the spider ability to take hold with her hands, and to be found in kings' palaces, can, through His almighty grace, exalt us to the dwelling place of Supreme Royalty; for He has decreed this for those who partake of the divine nature, having escaped the corruptions of this sinful world.

WHY NOT?

*"Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour."*

The Price of Neglect

NO MAN or group of men will ever be able to name the full price that the human race pays every year as a result of neglect. Health gone and irretrievably ruined through neglect, teeth lost that can not now be saved because nothing was done at the right time to save them, tons of fruit, vegetables, and grain lost because men neglected to oppose the inroads of destroying insects and plant enemies; these are mere suggestions of the things that marshal themselves into the destroying hosts captured by neglect.

Two hundred millions of dollars, thirty years ago, was the loss to the farmer, the gardener, and the fruit grower in the United States every year due to the ravages of insects, and the amount has greatly increased since then. At that time, one tenth of our agricultural products were destroyed each year by them. The ravages of the gypsy moth in sections of three counties of Massachusetts for several years cost the state annually one hundred thousand dollars. A single individual of some of these destroyers, in a year, may become the progenitor of several billion descendants. And we know that much of this, perhaps all of it, could eventually be stopped, only that so few will do anything and so many neglect to oppose the work of this invading army.

If a sick man neglect to take the remedy that will cure him, he will as certainly die as if he took poison. He does not have to throw the remedy out of the window or pour it out in the sink; he does not have to do anything—just neglect the remedy, and soon he is dead.

The man who is poisoned may die if he neglects the antidote. The man who is bleeding to death may die by merely being neglected until the life current has ebbed away. It is not what they do in these instances that makes it serious, but what they do not do. All that makes the condition fatal is the mere fact of neglect.

Outside of these cases of emergency, there are numbers of examples of the ruinous effects of neglect. Clothing gets beyond repair, and all the things we use wear out, if we do not mend the first injuries in time. Millions have failed to get the education and training they needed in life, simply because they neglected to take advantage of their opportunities.

The man with the one talent in the parable came to his ruin only because he neglected to use to advantage what had been

given him. And all that he said in defense of his failure was but a confession of his utter and inexcusable neglect.

Then there is the destruction that comes through degeneration and deterioration brought about by neglect. A flock of tame pigeons will have all the innumerable ornamentations of their race. But if they are taken to an uninhabited island and neglected—left to found a colony—after the lapse of many years, they will all have changed to a dark slaty blue, two black bands repeating themselves on the wings of each, and the loins will be white. The innumerable colors due to cultivation will have disappeared, simply because their cultivation has been neglected.

One may have a garden planted to strawberries and roses. Now, let that garden run to waste, neglect it. After a time the garden will have only the wild strawberries of the fields and woods, and the primitive dog-rose of the hedges.

In the Bible we have a graphic picture of the garden that has been neglected. "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travelth; and thy want as an armed man." Proverbs 24: 30-34.

And that picture of the neglected garden, of the neglected farm, and of the neglected vineyard, may be taken in parable as a picture of the neglected life and the neglected soul. Just do nothing but sleep,—let it go,—and poverty of possessions, poverty of mind, and poverty of character will be the sure result.

To make our arm useless, we do not need to mutilate it or to wound it or even to cut it off; merely tie it up where it can't be employed, and it will soon become dwarfed, shrunken, and useless. Now, we are not prone to treat an arm this way, except when it is broken and needs rest, to mend; but there are minds that have been as truly dwarfed and shrunken, and souls narrowed and atrophied by an analogous process, as destructive as would have been had they been wrapped, tied, and set out of use.

If a man is placed in solitary confinement long enough, he will degenerate into an idiot. So let a man imprison his soul, his conscience, and he will become a cipher for good, a positive menace for evil; for while the good has been neglected, the evil has grown

into a giant of power. How can we escape from the condition, if we neglect the remedy?

To him that hath, shall be given, and he shall have abundance. To him that hath used, there shall be the growth that comes through use. And without use, men decay, as truly as an organ shrivels that is not used.

A missionary in India frequently visited a British soldier who was under sentence of death for having, when half intoxicated, wantonly shot a black man. In some of his visits to the jail, a number of the other prisoners came and sat down with this man, to listen to a word of exhortation. In one instance he spoke to them particularly on the desirableness of studying the Bible.

"Have any of you a Bible?" he inquired. They said they did not have one. "Have any of you ever possessed a Bible?" A pause ensued. At last the murderer broke silence, and amid sobs and tears confessed that once he had a Bible. "But, oh, I sold it for drink! It was the companion of my youth. I brought it with me from my native land, and I have since sold it for drink. Oh, if I had listened to my Bible I would not have been here!"

It was neglect of the divine warning and instruction that brought him to crime and its penalty.

Neglect is enough to ruin any man. A man who is in business need not commit forgery or robbery to ruin himself; he has only to neglect his business, and his ruin is certain. A man floating in a skiff above Niagara need not move an oar, or make an effort to destroy himself; he has only to neglect using the oar at the proper time, and he will certainly be carried over the cataract. Most of the calamities of life are caused by simple neglect. No one should think that because he is not a drunkard or a murderer or an open sinner, therefore he will be saved. Such an inference would be as irrational as to suppose that a farmer, to fail, has actually to destroy or to violate his fields and crops, when neglect will do it just as surely; or that a business man needs to do something unwise and destructive to ruin his business, when neglect will bring him soon enough to bankruptcy.

One of the most terrible denunciations to be found in the Bible is not against those who had committed some terrible crime, but against those who failed to do anything. Theirs was a sin of omission rather than one of commission. "Curse ye Meroz, . . . curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the

mighty." The people of Meroz neglected to do anything, and so were unfaithful, and even recreant to sacred trusts.

We may drift on the tide
Where the dark waters roll;
But the river flows on,
While it carries the soul
On its unceasing tide
To the unfathomed deeps,
Where life and its all
In eternity sleeps.

Years ago, John B. Gough used an illustration in his temperance lectures, couching it in such words as to make it a classic. And this example of neglecting to turn back in the current of intemperance is as applicable in the case of any habit as it is in that of intemperance. The man who is drifting with the current of any evil habit, needs only to neglect warning and help and his own efforts to reform, to float on down to ruin.

"I remember riding from Buffalo to Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman, 'What river is that, sir?' 'That,' he said, 'is Niagara River.' 'It is a beautiful stream,' said I, 'bright, smooth, and glassy; how far off are the rapids?' 'Only a few miles,' was the reply. 'Is it possible that only a few miles from us we shall find that water in the turbulence which it must show when near the rapids?' 'You will find it so, sir.'

"And so I found it, and that first sight of Niagara Falls I shall never forget. Now, launch your bark on that river; the water is smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow of your boat, and the silvery wake it leaves behind adds to your enjoyment. You set out on your pleasure excursion. Down the stream you glide; oars, sails, and helm in proper trim. Suddenly some one cries from the bank, 'Young men, ahoy!' 'What is it?' 'The rapids are below you.' 'Ha, ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get into them. When we find we are going too fast, then we shall up with helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Then on, boys, don't be alarmed; there's no danger.'

"'Young men, ahoy there!' 'What is it?' 'The rapids are below you.' 'Ha, ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; we will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment, time enough to

steer out of danger when we are sailing too swiftly with the current.'

"'Young men, ahoy!' 'What is it?' 'Beware, beware! the rapids are below you. Now you feel them! See the water is foaming all around! See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard; quick, quick! Pull for your lives! Pull till the blood starts from your nostrils and the veins stand like whipcords upon the brow! Set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail!'

"Ah, ah, it is too late; faster and faster you near the awful cataract, and then shrieking, cursing, howling, praying, over you go. Thousands launch their barks in smooth water, and realize no danger till on the verge of ruin, boasting all the while to the last, 'When I find out that it is injuring me, then I will give it up.'"

But the results of neglect are not generally so apparent and spectacular as this. It was by forgetfulness that Joseph and Mary lost Jesus for a time when He was twelve years old. And it is this neglect to do the day's work or duty that most of all piles up the awful price of neglect. In this form it enters into every home and into the life of every individual. We fail to do this, we fail to do that, and when the day is past, it is too late. Neglect, neglect, neglect! What a price it exacts!

"If Joseph and Mary had stayed their minds upon God by meditation and prayer, they would have realized the sacredness of their trust, and would not have lost sight of Jesus. *By one day's neglect* they lost the Saviour; but it *cost them three days* of anxious search to find Him. *So with us*; by idle talk, evil speaking, or neglect of prayer, we may in one day lose the Saviour's presence, and it may take many days of sorrowful search to find Him, and regain the peace that we have lost.

"In our association with one another, we should take heed lest we forget Jesus, and pass along unmindful that He is not with us. When we become absorbed in worldly things so that we have no thought for Him in whom our hope of eternal life is centered, we separate ourselves from Jesus and from the heavenly angels. These holy beings can not remain where the Saviour's presence is not desired, and His absence is not marked. This is why discouragement so often exists among the professed followers of Christ.

"Many attend religious services, and are refreshed and comforted by the word of God, but *through neglect of meditation,*

watchfulness, and *prayer*, they lose the blessing, and find themselves more destitute than before they received it. Often they feel that God has dealt hardly with them. They do not see that the fault is their own. By separating themselves from Jesus, they have shut away the light of His presence.”—“*Desire of Ages*,” page 83.

And this is but one more of those things that must be counted up as an expense because of neglect. If we did not neglect the study of the Bible every day; if we did not neglect to meditate on the life of Christ, letting the imagination grasp each scene of that divine panorama; if we did not neglect the time of prayer and the lifting up of the heart whenever we were tempted or oppressed; if we did not neglect the suffering near at hand who needed a word of encouragement and an act of kindness: if we did not neglect all of these, but were faithful in them all every day, what a difference there would be in human lives, and how much better this world would become!

“How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?”

If we neglect the gospel after it has come to us, we are in a worse condition than if it never came, though in either case we are lost. The gospel does not, as some think, lessen our danger, but rather it increases it. It does not diminish the penalty, but will terribly intensify the soreness of the punishment of those who neglect it.

And so we sound out the warning of neglect. It is not only positive enmity or open sin that will be punished. Simply not taking heed, just drifting away with the current of worldliness and half-hearted religion, just neglecting the great salvation will fully and effectually close down for us every way of escape.

“How shall we escape?” The question as stated implies that it is utterly foolish to think there is any possible avenue of escape under such conditions.

And all because it is such a “great salvation.” To neglect things of little value may be a light matter, but the more valuable the things may be, the more unreasonable to let them go to ruin through neglect. When a horse is worth only five dollars,—as many of them at present are in certain places,—there may not be much loss in neglecting them, and letting them run wild; but if a man own a hundred-thousand-dollar race horse, we would think it strange if he neglected such an animal, and we would say it was a mark of poor judgment, to say the least.

But there are no values of earth with which to compare the worth of great salvation. It is of such inestimable value that it drove Christ, under the scourge of His love, to leave the peace and purity and association of heaven to redeem man from the curse and condition of sin. That great salvation was so high in worth that God, seeing all the value of it, gave His Son and all the time and the energy and the service of heaven for thousands of years, in order to bring it to man and man to it. And that great salvation is so priceless, so precious, and so lasting in value, that it will take eternal years to see the full worth of it.

And being thus of such dearly bought value, so full of the sacrifice of Christ, so throbbing with the love of God, so instant with the ministry of angels, so quivering with the interest of the sinless universe, how shall we escape if we show contempt for it by ignoring it, by neglecting it?

The Usefulness of Limitations

RESTRICTED by conditions I can not control, by limitations I can not pass over, under these circumstances, what can I do? Thousands in all ages of the world have asked this question. And this is the question, in principle, that cowed Gideon in the days when the Midianites oppressed Israel. The poor man had but a little wheat, and he hid behind the wine press with his grain, to thresh it out, so that he would not be seen by the Midianites, and this mouthful of food, as it were, be taken from him. And thus, in his fear and hopelessness, he was told that the Lord was with him, and that he was a mighty man of valor.

Mighty man of valor, indeed! Hiding away so that he would not be seen! Trying to get a few handfuls of grain, and afraid that the Midianites might catch him at it! And yet the message is, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor!"

The story is familiar to all, and it is not necessary to go over the details. No mighty change comes over Gideon, so far as the record recounts, only that he is brought to the place where he is willing to exercise faith and to use what humble means are within his reach. And it is this unwavering faith and these simple instrumentalities that God uses to show that all Israel's suffering was unnecessary, save as a reaping of their own evil lives.

Here was Gideon, the mighty man of valor when once he looked up in faith to God. Here were the three hundred devoted followers after him, even though Gideon did not know them as yet; and here were the torches and the pitchers ready for his hand. Not a new thing was brought into the contest and battle, no material resources added, only Gideon's faith to move out to the deliverance of his people.

Therefore, had Gideon waited for new facilities, abundant resources, a wider opportunity, he would have waited in vain. And had he all these large instrumentalities within his grasp, and had success come as a result of their use, these facilities and the generalship of Gideon would have been credited with the result. But no human means could have done what faith in God alone wrought. And the need of Gideons is not past.

For there are times and places in the great procession of the ages when it is necessary that man's attention be drawn away from his own strength, and that it be fully anchored on the great Rock of the Ages. It is necessary, for the triumph of truth, that

the means be so inadequate and the conditions so impossible and forbidding that no one can fail to see that a higher power has intervened; thus the glory reverts to God and His cause, rather than to man and the means he employs.

When the voice from the burning bush told Moses that the time had come to deliver Israel from slavery in Egypt, Moses looked at his conditions and limitations, and began to show how impossible it was for him to do what he had been called upon to undertake.

And God swept away all arguments by one simple question, "What is that in thine hand?" Of course, it was only a stick that Moses had cut somewhere in his wanderings, and fashioned to his purpose as a shepherd. Because of the way in which it was used afterwards, some seem to think that it must have been made of gold or been wonderfully ornamented and designed. Ah, no, indeed, it was only a rude stick, a rod cut from some portion of a bush or tree. But God showed that means and facilities may be limited to a man and a stick. And He as good as said: "You can lift the stick when I tell you to, can you not?" And Moses must admit that he could do that. "And you can drop it down again when I say the word?"

And of a certainty, Moses could not deny this ability. Then God explained that if he would tell what the lifting up of the stick would mean each time, what was going to result in consequence of its position in the hand of Moses, that was all that would be necessary. Very simple. But Moses had to be brave enough to face the mighty monarch in all his power and pride, and to see him grow haughty and defiant until, by the lifting and falling of the stick, the proud ruler should bow for a little time his head and will to the decrees of God.

And so as God asks the question, "What is that in thine hand?" He is saying, "All that I ask you to do, is to use what you have for right and truth; and what you have, blessed of Me, shall be more than enough." And so, in the light of Gideon's torches and pitchers, in the face of Moses' rude shepherd rod, we see that we may do something to aid the world, and those in it, to press it a little farther onward in its way to the ultimate goal, its glorious destiny predestined of God, even if we are limited in resources and facilities.

And, too, we see that he who sits idle and does nothing, hoping to be excused because of the little he has with which to work, will



A PROCESSION OF SLAVES

If chained to one another by the necks, some could not be more closely bound to their fellows than they now are by their desire to imitate, to avoid being different or peculiar; they are held by the fetters of custom and habit, of prejudice and mass psychology. Only a few are original enough, enterprising enough, and brave enough to break away from the crowd.

hardly be found faultless in the day of reckoning. It was the man with only one talent who thought he could escape the necessity to use and increase his gift. Why, it was so little, he reasoned. If he didn't look out, he might lose even that. Better to lay it away carefully, and keep it to hand back at the time of accounts. And he buried it in the earth. Oh, how many talents have been buried in this earth! And every one of them so left will at the last be lost.

And right in that smallness of gift, or in the thought that it is small, lies forever the danger to the one with the one talent. I have never found a person in this world who really had but one talent; and so I take it that Jesus has supposed the one talent for the sake of an unanswerable argument. He shows that even one talent must be used. The man with but one talent need not expect to be excused from the exercise of his ability. But nevertheless, according to the lesson, he is the one who must beware. It is the man who *feels* that he has so little who will fail to undertake. It is the man who *deprecates* his abilities who will give up in discouragement. But let him know that thus he shall not escape.

Yes, the man who *thinks* that he has so little of intellect, when he comes in contact with the witty and the wise, feels a discouragement. What can I do? he asks. The man who would help the misery in the world soon finds that there is so much of the misery and so little in himself to give that it is a hopeless task. He yields

to despair of ever accomplishing anything. The earnest Christian goes out to convert the world, but soon the unyielding coldness he meets, the rebuffs, the ridicule, slow up his zeal, and he finally concludes that he has too little to make headway against so much. Such have, in reality, merely taken out their talent, looked at it, then wrapped it again in a napkin, and laid it away.

There is a story of a merchant who gave to each of two of his friends two sacks of grain. He went away with the promise of a return, at which time they were to pay him for the grain. In due time he came back. The first friend took him to the granary, and pointed out the same two sacks he had given when he went away. But when they opened them, behold the grain was mildewed and wormy, and utterly worthless. Neither the giver nor the receiver had obtained the slightest benefit from the gift. All was failure and loss.

The second friend took the merchant out into the open country and showed him field after field of waving grain, the product of the two sacks that had been given him.

"You have been a faithful friend to me," said the merchant. "All I ask of you now is my two sacks of grain. All the rest are thine."

It is not the *increase* that God is seeking, but the faithfulness in using His gifts, for these tell the quality of our lives and character. Not every one is rich, nor can be; not every one is wise, nor can all be wise; but every one can be *faithful*. And he who excuses himself because of the littleness of the gift or the smallness of the increase, is not faithful; because he shows that if there were something great or grand to come of it, something that could flatter his vanity or minister to his pride, he might be encouraged to deal with his talents. But obscurely to work and employ the little, and patiently and faithfully to labor on regardless of the small returns, this he will not do. It takes a brave soul to wage the battle and continue the struggle when the victories are few and slight. In other words, it takes character to be faithful, to strive, when we think there will be nothing to call attention to our abilities and our efforts. And if we feel otherwise, we are expecting our reward here and now.

Oh, to be faithful, and press on in the face of infinite odds! To do right because it is right, even though we see no immediate results! This is the test that comes from God's intrusting to us His gifts; it is a proving of our moral quality. The very keynote

of it all is faithfulness. And if we fail, the sentence of truth and judgment is, Thou art wicked and slothful.

And if we want more than one talent, here is pointed out the way to acquire more—we have but rightly to use that which we have, and it will grandly increase. "Thou hast been *faithful* over a *few* things, I will make thee ruler *over many things*: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." "Give unto him that hath [used], . . . and he shall have abundance." As we work faithfully, our sphere of activity will unconsciously widen. Our talent will make room for us. As we ascend the mountain, the wider will be our horizon. The careful and right use of any faculty increases its power. The sailor comes to have a wonderfully keen vision. The athlete's body soon ripples with rythmically developed muscles. The artist, in time, comes to a skill with brush and paint that rivals the glories of nature. And years of patient practice and application give skill and ability to the musician. "Unto every one that hath [used], shall be given."

What is an opportunity to sing, to be a sea captain, or to open a large business to one who has acquired no fitness for these things? All the falling apples in the world would not have suggested to Newton the law of gravitation, nor would all the steaming kettles in England have awakened in Watt the idea of the steam engine, if these men had not been prepared by previous faithful study and work. "Unto every one that hath [exercised his gift], shall be given, and he shall have abundance."

And thus, by the law of increase, there is ever more just on ahead. Spain inscribed on her coins at one time a picture of the pillars of Hercules, which stood on either side of the Straits of Gibraltar, marking the extreme western boundary of her empire, with only the unexplored ocean beyond; and on the scroll above the pillars were the words in Latin, *Ne Plus Ultra*—nothing more beyond. Then Columbus discovered America, and the provinces of Spain were extended to the lands beyond the Atlantic. Then Spain struck out the two-letter *Ne*, leaving it to read, "*Plus Ultra*," more beyond.

And this should be the banner of every soul, More beyond! This should be the motto of our endeavor and the epitaph even over the grave, More beyond! And how much more depends upon, not our abilities or our facilities or even our opportunities, but wholly upon our faithfulness. Have you set up barriers as Spain did on her first coin? If you have, strike out the negative.

Do not say, *Nothing* more beyond; but so long as life lasts and even when it ends, know that, for the faithful soul, there is *more*, and ever *more*, *beyond*. The best day for the man of integrity is yet to dawn.

“There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

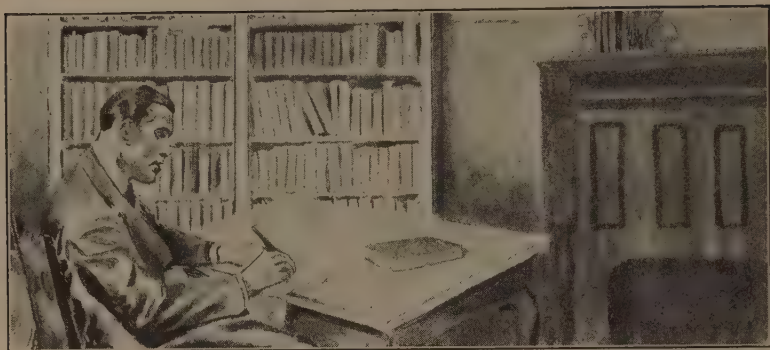
“Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.”

The point of rock that projects from the hillside is, to the geologist, not merely an individual stone. It tells to him the dip and the quality of the great strata underground that buttress the hills. And so it is our attitude toward the tasks of life that tell to God the quality of our lives. Our faithfulness in the use of His gifts here is but the manifestation of a higher life that founds the whole universe in the faithful integrity of God. If we can not show here a part of that which exists in Him over there, we shall have nothing, either here or there, that will be really worth while.

And so let us come back to the emphasis, that it is not great facilities that are our hope of success. And our lack of them is no excuse for the faithful use of just what we have. The great deliverance of the whole nation of Israel from the mightiest nation of the times was by the employment, under God, of a rude stick from the desert. The deliverance of that nation from the oppressive domination of the Midianites was through a few faithful men with a few lamps and pitchers. And in the days of Saul, it was one small smooth stone from the brook in a piece of string and leather that, in the hands of faith, turned the great tide of battle, and freed the armies of the living God from the Philistines.

Zacchæus was too short to see over the heads of the crowd that awaited the coming of Jesus, but there was a sycamore tree at hand. And by climbing into that tree and awaiting with desire to behold Jesus, that one man's life came in contact with the greatest Personality this world has ever known. And no more was Zacchæus the man he had been after that, because of that quickening contact.

George Stephenson mastered the rules of mathematics with a bit of chalk on the grimy sides of the coal wagons in the coal



USING OUR TIME

Think of spending time working cross-word puzzles when all the wisdom of the past waits at our hand ready to communicate all the secrets of knowledge! The idea of working cross-word puzzles or idling away time with playing cards in a library! Yet it is done.

mines. And his first locomotive hauled cars of coal out of those selfsame mines. He used what he had, he worked where he was, and he increased in power and wisdom, and to-day is counted as one who turned the tides of progress for humanity for all time to come.

Ferguson mapped the heavens, his only means of measuring their relative distances and getting their positions a piece of string and some beads, which he moved to indicate the place of the stars. When he came in touch with astronomers, he had already something that was of value to the scientific world. Although he had received but three months' schooling in all his life, "few men in Europe did more to promote a knowledge of the results of science among those who did not have the advantage of regular scientific training." And to support himself while he acquired a knowledge of science by self-application, he first kept sheep. His working with the string and the beads taught him the principles of drawing. From this he went on to portrait painting. And in 1763 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and was granted a pension from the king. From this time on, he could devote all his time and talents to writing and lecturing on scientific subjects, some important textbooks coming from his hand. Thus working with what he had, where he was, he went on to greatness and fame and association with the wise and great. Such the path of life that

started with the humble keeping of sheep and a study of the stars—his only apparatus a string and beads.

It has taken a century to develop the best model for a yacht. The work has involved the task to shape the prow so that it will cleave through the water with the least possible resistance. Men have spent fortunes and lifetimes in shaping the keel so as to displace as little water as possible. They float a model in a tank and study it, spending years, cutting away a little here and a little there to lessen the resistance, cutting still more to increase the speed a few seconds in a thirty-mile race. For to the one who wins is fortune and a certain fame that sporting men love.

And for an infinitely greater prize young men will spend but little time to gain advantage in the great race of life. With thick, clumsy minds, like broad, bungling bows of ill-planned boats, they attempt the contest. What chance have they? Refusing to clear off the barnacles and other excrescences of ignorance, boorish manners, vicious habits, and many faults, they have no more chance of winning in life's struggle than a heavy fishing smack has of outsailing the finely modeled yacht. Some sail as hopelessly as if they were running under almost bare poles, the sails tattered and torn. And others, with disorganized faculties and powers, like a crew in mutiny, can not take advantage of favoring gales or prospering currents.

There were many in Henry Ward Beecher's class in school, much more naturally favored than he, who have dropped into oblivion. We are told that Beecher, as a youth, was dull, the least hopeful of all those of a large family. He had a weak memory, a half-stuttering speech, and disliked study. He became a converted man, and all this gradually changed. He grew slowly but steadily in ability and eloquence. Many who had stood ahead of him in his classes lacked his spirit, and have become forgotten.

One Thing Lacking

"Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow Me." Mark 10: 21.

JESUS made the diagnosis as easy and as hopeful for the young man as truth could make it. Eternal precision, analyzing all the elements involved, saw that only one thing was the matter with this young man—he did not love God supremely; he had in the place of God the god of mammon. One thing, but, oh, how important that one thing—the most essential thing in the world!

And so the knife, directed by love, would cut out the cancerous growth of worship of earthly possessions. To cure him, it was necessary to deprive him of all he had; he could not be trusted with any of it, or in time he would erect a new altar to the golden god of material things.

At first thought, that there be but one thing lacking seems but a trifle; but, as we follow out the experiences of life in various fields of endeavor, we see that in material as well as in spiritual things, one thing lacking may decide all the fortunes of war.

To illustrate: There is the old story of the college professor and the ferryboat. Said he to the boatman, "Do you understand philosophy?" "No, I never heard of it." "Then a fourth of your life is lost," said the professor. "Do you understand geology?" "No, what is it?" "Then," said the professor, "half of your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?" "No; that's something about the stars, ain't it?" "Then three fourths of your life is gone." After a while the boat tipped over, by what cause I can not say; doubtless due to some ignorant move of the professor. As the boat spilled the two into the river, the boatman asked of the professor, "Do you know how to swim?" "No," said the professor, "I was always too busy with my books to learn to swim." "Then all your life is gone," said the boatman.

Truth or fable, the point to the story is well put. In every struggle or contest, there is always one fundamental thing—the one supremely essential thing; and if that be lacking, all the other multitudinous contributory things are rendered useless.

The first chain bridge was built in Scotland. Walter Scott tells how the French imitated it in a bridge across the river Seine. Unknown to all, there was one weak middle bolt of poor material.

The day came to open the bridge with a grand celebration. The procession started, led on by the builders of the bridge. When the mighty weight of the great procession was fairly on the bridge, it broke, precipitating the multitudes into the river. There was but one thing lacking in the bridge, but it ruined the whole bridge and caused a terrible accident.

A British regiment, on a certain occasion, was ordered to attack a body of French cuirassiers. The whole British regiment was sacrificed to a trader's fraud. Their swords were of worthless metal and bent double at the first stroke, and the brave British soldiers were helpless before their enemies; for each man lacked a real sword.

When the Scotch Covenanters were at one time in battle, their ammunition gave out. Their fighting had to lull while they waited for more bullets. At last a barrel came down; they knocked out its head to help themselves to bullets, and found it full of raisins. They had to give up the fight because they lacked lead for their ammunition. Only one thing, but without it they were helpless! They didn't need confectionery just then, but bullets.

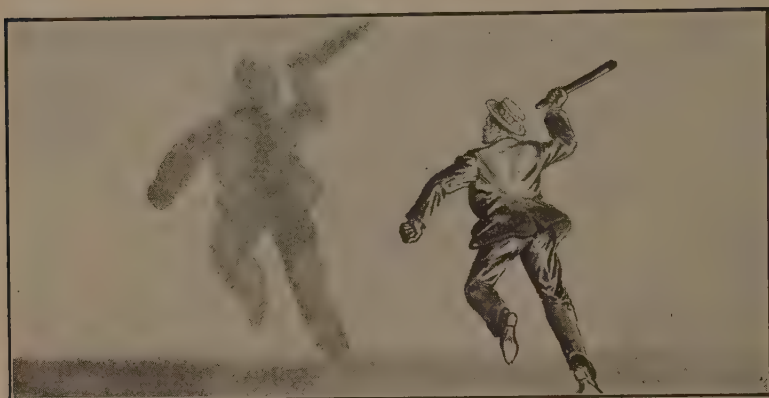
Mr. Chapman made the trip to the Pacific Coast at one time by way of the Santa Fe. The journey was fine, and the equipment was palatial. All went well until they came to the desert; and then, although every ventilator was closed, every window shut, and every blind drawn down to save the passengers from the glare of the sun upon the sand, the journey was most trying.

Opposite Mr. Chapman's section sat a man who continually raised the blind and looked out. Each time the porter would close it again. Mr. Chapman said that he wished he had gone by the way of the mountains. The desert trip was too unpleasant and uncomfortable. But the man opposite said that this was the most wonderful journey in the world. This was so unreasonable in the judgment of Chapman that he left the man in disgust.

Later, out of curiosity at the man's conduct and words, Mr. Chapman asked the strange individual his business.

"I am an irrigator, and that is why the journey is wonderful; for, if I could turn the water in on this desert, I could make it blossom like the rose."

He saw the one thing the desert lacked,—water,—and what it would be if this could be supplied. So it is with human lives, with human souls. One thing lacking, if supplied, makes all glorious, successful, complete.



CHASING YOUR SHADOW

Nothing but exercise to be gained by it, and the reputation of being crazy. We smile at the idea of anyone chasing his shadow, yet we do more foolish things than this, and things that are positively injurious, and quite serious withal.

I have heard that near Boston there is a wonderful home. The grounds about the buildings are covered with beautiful trees and flowers and ornamented walks and drives. From one direction the breezes from the blue mountains sweep about the house. In another direction can be seen the lights of Boston Harbor. There the waves are breaking on the beach; the salt winds come in from the ocean, to beat about the house. The inmates have everything for comfort and entertainment, but they are not happy. Many of them never smile. It is Boston's home for incurables. And though Boston cares for them, there is no hope for those who live in that beautiful place; they are incurable. They lack the one great thing without which life is incomplete—they lack perfect health.

And there can be as great a lack for the soul as there is for the body; and the soul is really of more importance, though many give it no attention at all or mangle it with sin.

John B. Gough tells of a man he knew, a graduate of Harvard University, who became utterly degraded and ruined by drink. He found him in California, or rather the man found Gough, and a more terrible blasphemer he never knew. He was a drunkard, almost a beast, if you can call a human being a beast; terribly brutalized.

Men gave him work occasionally at driving one of the coaches, but only at odd times, and for short distances, for they could not

trust him on a long road. He came to see Gough, and the sight of him was disgusting in the extreme.

As is quite well known, in California and mountainous parts of the West, coaches were driven down very steep mountains, though in later times they have been superseded by automobiles. To insure safety, these stages were equipped with strong brakes, operated by the foot; and with the brake, the stage could be controlled and kept steady.

A driver once said to Gough, as they were going down the side of a mountain with an incline of two thousand feet in two and a half miles: "These horses are in full gallop, but they don't pull." He had his foot on the brake, and they were going at such a tremendous rate that Mr. Gough had to hold on to both sides of the seat on which he sat, lest he should go over with the impetus of swirling around the curves.

But returning to the subject of the man in California who was a drunkard. The man was visited on his deathbed by his sister, who said to him, "George, why don't you keep your foot still? What is the matter with you? What do you keep lifting your knee for?" "Oh," he said, "I am on an awful down grade, and *I can't find the brake.*"

Only one thing lacking on a coach, but it rolls over the precipice because the driver can not control its speed on the curves—it lacked a brake. And a poor soul plunges down into the gulf of despair and lost souls, and can not stop in its downward plunge, for there is no moral brake. For years the life has run loose, and now, at the last, it runs loose in its final drop into perdition. Only one thing lacking—self-control. Only one thing failing—life. Only one thing lost, and lost for eternity—the life to come. Only one thing, but oh, how great, how supreme, how essential, that one thing!

It is said that in one of the great cathedrals across the sea there is a clock, which is so marvelous in its mechanism that ignorant and superstitious people have come to look upon it as almost the work of God instead of the work of man. It is said that when the chimes ring out, it seems like angel music. For a long period of time the maker of the clock was not paid for his services, so one day he stole up into the cathedral spire and touched one of the springs of the clock; and then, although all the mechanism of the clock was still there, the wheels did not move; although the chimes were there, they did not ring out.

Some weeks or months afterwards, as the story is told, the maker was paid for his services, and he came again and touched the same spring, and suddenly the same sweet music rang out, and there was the same wonderful exhibition of its marvelous mechanism.

It is a good illustration of many in the world to-day who seem to lack but one thing to make them all that God would have them to be, and that is the touch of the Master Hand. Sad things: an arch without a keystone, a building without a foundation, a human life without a guide, a human heart without a hope!

There are men in the world who can't get along a day without their tobacco, without their intoxicant, without some injurious indulgence; and yet they have trained themselves to get along a whole lifetime without God.

A man drowning may lack but one thing,—a rope held down to which to cling; and a starving man may only lack food. What is a well, if it has no water? a ship if it lacks a compass? or millions of ciphers if there be no preceding digit?

The locomotive may be a wonderful piece of machinery, it may be built to haul thousands and thousands of tons of freight, but if it lack steam, it will stand cold and silent and motionless—useless—on the track.

It was one strip of sunken road overlooked by Napoleon that lost him the Battle of Waterloo. A fortification is no stronger than its weakest place, and a fence no better than its poorest portion. One time I found the cow gone from the pasture; the fence was perfect everywhere, except in one place. It was there the cow got out, and she got out of the pasture there as easily as she could have if there were a dozen bad places in the fence.

Christ said to the young man, "One thing thou lackest: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt *have treasure in heaven*." He went away sorrowing on account of not having the one thing, though he had many possessions. He did not have the treasure in heaven. He did not have a correct estimate of values; some things he held too dear that really are quite insignificant; and other things of infinite price he did not value nearly high enough.

Treasure in heaven! Thou shalt have it if thou wilt give up something here and now to get that better treasure. But men think of what they have to give up, and fail to get the greater. There is, then, everywhere a mighty principle of giving up to get.

Ah, yes, the beggar gives up his rags to get fine raiment. The blind man gives up his sightless, staring eyes to get the gift-miraculous of a new sight. The poor must give up his poverty to get riches; and the prisoner must give up his captivity to get the larger, fuller freedom. And these things may be natural or spiritual; for the principle is the same throughout both realms of life.

A preacher asked a gardener, "What do you think is the hardest thing about Christianity?" The gardener did not feel competent to answer such a theological question for a preacher, and referred the answer to the preacher. "Well," said the preacher, "I think the hardest thing about Christianity is having to give up the indulgences contrary to the gospel." But the gardener said that he thought there was something worse than that. "What?" "I think the hardest thing will be to feel the want and misery of a lost soul."

Yes, if it be hard to give up all here to Christ to get all there, then it will be infinitely harder to give up all we have, even life itself, and get nothing in return.

In Christ are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and when we get Him, we have everything worth while. In this evil world and this short, human life, it may not be seen, for the treasures are *hid*; but all eternity will be disclosing these riches to us, and more of them in an hour of that time than all human life or all human history can disclose here in this place of limitations and deficiencies and infirmities. Yes, one hour of eternity will throb with more of energy and vitality and enterprise and inspiration than all of earthly time. But eternity is not limited to one hour, for it is in duration unlimited. And all of a lifetime here is not one hour on the dial of eternity. We balance them in the scales of true valuation—one hour of time, a lifetime, one hour against the ages.

Oh, that we may see aright, and give up to get!

And thus we find another part of our answer. How shall we gain the great treasure?—Give up whatever will prevent us from getting it. For all that we may give up is infinitesimal in comparison with what we get.

